

PEN PARABLES

By

PETER I. NEEFUS



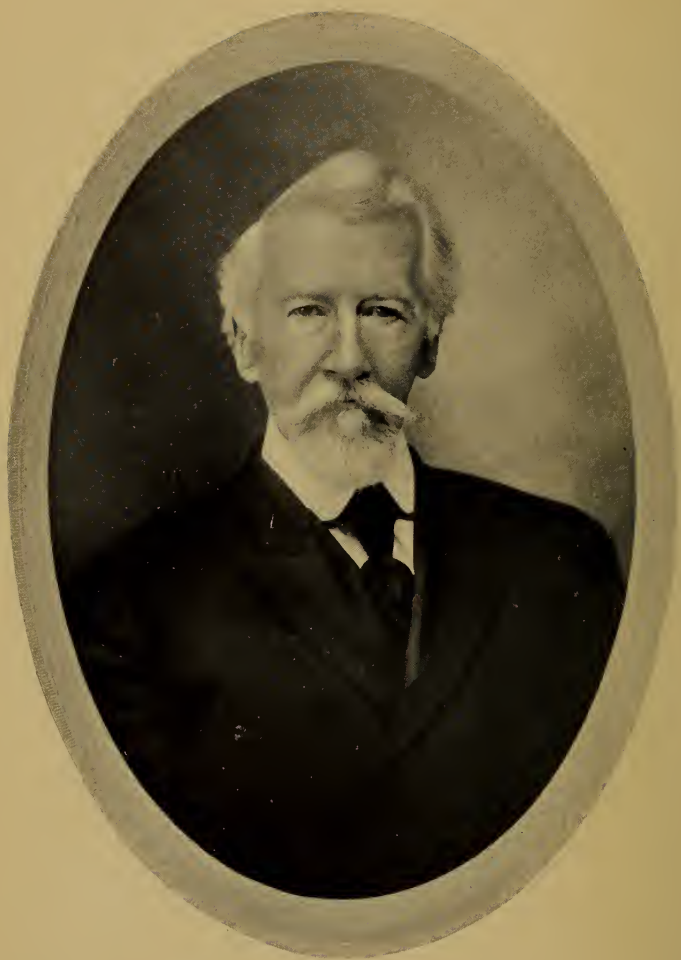


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FOREWORD

LETTERS to intimate friends which are the artless, unpremeditated expression of a heart's emotion always possess a certain interest and charm. The extracts in this volume are full of such revelations. Some of them were inscribed by the writer to friends tried and true; many others to those whom not having seen he loved.

But chiefly they are a record of wide experience in the Christian life, and a compendium both sympathetic and humorous of practical knowledge in church affairs. They are varicolored semaphores of warning and direction to the inexperienced layman. Although written in the years from 1887 to 1891, they are as fresh as if set down with yesterday's pen. Here was a man keenly observant of life, yet touched with charity and tenderness; one who could be bold in condemnation, yet always with a longing to win the

condemned one ; who threw out the golden chains of his sympathy wherever there was a cry for help. Of him it might be said as of Michael Faraday: "He converted his fire into a central glow and motive power of life"; but it is love for his divine Master which controls this ardor, transfusing it into one clear, intense, heaven-piercing altar-flame.

Peter I. Neefus was the descendant of godly stock—members of the earliest Dutch Reformed Church in America, who had settled on Long Island. He himself achieved the rare destiny of living upon his ancestral acres throughout his life. The farm which he inherited from his father not only yielded him a fine income, but increased immensely in value. His later life might have been one of easy opulence, but it was his joy to devote it with all his time and means to Christ.

The work to which he gave the fullest enthusiasm of his riper years was the distribution of Christian literature. He saw clearly what the Church has yet fully to understand, that under Providence the "seed-truths" of the Word are to reach the people of this age chiefly through the printed page. He expended many thousands in

scattering abroad the publications of the American Tract Society ; and this servant of the churches had no more loyal supporter.

In May, 1909, he entered the heavenly rest which it had been his chief delight to forecast in imagination for the comfort of the sorrowing. The sentiment of his own soul had long been embodied in his words to an afflicted brother: "Let me go, for the heavenly day breaketh."





JOY IN SERVICE



OW the way opens for us to do something for our Jesus if we only seek and ask! And the burden is not heavy—nay, what becomes to us a pleasurable duty is not a burden. In the very doing for Jesus he gives his beloved rest—sweet rest, sweet comfort, sweet peace of soul. And this, as you, my brother, know, must be actually experienced to be truly and fully appreciated. Our dear Saviour is too sensitively loving, compassionate and kind, not to reciprocate with richest blessings the least honor done him, by the most inefficient, most unworthy of his humble servants.

About three or four years ago I sent a Sunday School library to a poor Sabbath School in the South, and one to a poor school in the West. I also sent them a few copies of the American Messenger and the Child's Paper. I received

from these places most comforting letters, which so cheered my heart that I at once set about inquiring for other places to which to send the words of life. I quickly found them. The Master directed me to them. Now I send Messengers, tracts, Child's Papers and libraries in almost every direction.

From all these I receive frequent letters concerning the Lord's work, and also many personal letters, like the one you so kindly aided me in answering. I love to answer all the letters; and I can never do it in a cold, business way. I always, like yourself, want to write something about my Saviour, something comforting, cheering, instructive, if possible, and practical. To write in this way often necessitates quite lengthy letters. These take up considerable time; and so, while secular duties also require my attention, I often get behind in my correspondence.

My dear Saviour has reciprocated a heavenly blessing to me in the many kind letters I have received from you, and from Christian friends in many places—letters full of holy love, breathing blessings untold. They often come to me as heavenly messengers; and as I read them, my overwhelmed soul, full of humility before my

blessed Lord, causes the tears of gratitude and thanksgiving to flow; and, entirely overcome by the rich blessing of my Saviour, I utter the deep joyous emotions of my heaven-delighted soul—
“Thank thee, thank thee, my dear, precious Lord.”



I AM rejoiced that during 1887, as you write me, the papers were regularly received every month, and that they were so much appreciated by those to whom you gave them. I esteem it a dear privilege to be permitted by my Lord to send you these religious papers, and a great favor from him that I have been directed to one who will faithfully distribute them. And to you, too, my dear friend, the Master has granted a great blessing in having put it into your heart to give yourself to this good work.

Many might say, in reference to the matter of privilege—“Cannot any person send these Messengers, Child’s Papers, and catechisms? And cannot any one distribute them? Is not the way for doing these things open to a greater or less extent to every one?” Yes; if all will, they may, but all have not the will.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

HOW long since I have written to you. I chide myself with my negligence; but it has not been altogether negligence either; for through few of the years of my life have I been more busy with my pen than during the one just past, and this year to the present time. My pen has been given but very little to the world; given to my Lord, I trust, for his glory, and for the good of precious souls.



OH, in what numberless ways can we do good if we will only try, and pray to the Lord to direct and help us! In the church, in the Sabbath School, in the singing-school, by a holy life, by urging others to live near to Christ, by writing letters to those with whom one is acquainted, whether in Christ or out of him; by prayer, by exhortation, by the study of God's dear word—how abundant are the means! how multiplied the opportunities! how glorious the work!

Not long ago I met with a dear friend whom I had not seen for years. In the course of our conversation I spoke of spiritual things. I knew he

was once very active in holy work. To my surprise, he said: "Well, I am not in the conflict now. I am 'drifting.' " By this he meant just taking things easy, as they came along. "But," said he, "do you know I am not now at my ease, nor half so happy as when I was in the hot conflict, with the powers of evil within and without me. Oh, what a joy! what a holy satisfaction was victory for me over self, over the world, though gained at the cost of the severest conflict!"

REWARDS

ONE of the happiest souls with whom I am acquainted is a dear brother who has now been confined about eight years to his room. He was kicked in the abdomen by a drunken brother-in-law whom he was kindly endeavoring to lead home. The kick caused a rupture. For years this poor man has suffered intense pains and has undergone many most painful operations. He is one of the brightest, most intelligent Christians I have ever known. He is a ready writer, and occupies all his time in writing letters to the brethren and to impenitent persons. And such letters! I have many of them; they would make a most excellent, instructive volume. The great joy of

his soul is the holy response the Master sends in limitless measure to him for the good he is doing to others. It is a joy which brings tears; and these tears are the result of that humility of soul and conscious unworthiness which is the fruit of a complete emptying of self.

IN ARMOR

I GREATLY rejoice to learn from your letter that the Black Lake Mission, in which Mr. Blackford and so many dear friends felt such a deep interest, has been so greatly blest and prospered by the good Lord. Although Mr. Blackford, whose heart was deeply interested in this mission, is now, I suppose, in such a mental condition that he knows little about the blessing being poured out in answer to his efforts and prayers, and to the efforts and prayers of those who there, hand to hand, toiled with him, yet, in the great day of final account, he will not be wanting in a rich reward for all his labors there and at White Lake. Poor man, I know he has passed through a great sea of trial while at his post. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." In fact, does not the path to the glory land lie through the waters of trial? And the more earn-

est, devout, and Christlike the child of the Lord is here below, the more prominent mark does he become for the world's enmity and for Satan's sharp arrows; and so he comes into tribulation.



TO MR. J. E. KINNEY, EXETER, FLORIDA:

THE tidings in Mrs. Dilley's letter of the holy progress you are making in the Lord's work gave me much joy. When you last wrote you seemed rather disheartened, but now I am led to believe that that disheartenment has given place to a joyous encouragement. There must have been much prayer, much holy zeal put forth, to have accomplished what you have in this work. As it is the Lord's work, and he is in it, or it would not have prospered thus far, there is no doubt but that it shall go on in increasing prosperity; and this prosperity will be the bringing of gospel privileges to the older persons in the community through the preached gospel, and to the dear children through the instrumentality of the Sabbath School.

As an illustration of a similar work, I have now in my thought a little community where a mission work was started in 1882 (Black Lake,

New York). Only to-day I received a letter from the superintendent of the Sunday School, giving me an encouraging account of the work going on there. When this mission was first begun it was under very unfavorable circumstances—people poor, ignorant, irreligious; no means of grace among them, and less yet in any of them. At first the work lagged; but at length, through the energy of some young disciples of the Master in a neighboring church, a building was erected and the gospel preached statedly by the pastor of that church. A little Sabbath School was also started by the young men. Soon, an organ was sent them. Interest in the mission and Sunday School began to awaken in spite of the many prophecies made that all would prove a failure. The good work has been going on steadily since its beginning, and the promise to-day is brighter than ever.

The Lord Jesus was in the good work by his dear Spirit. Begun and carried on in this spirit, no failure can come.

To fail with Christ is for Christ to fail. To think that a work begun by him can fail is to ascribe weakness to Omnipotence, ignorance to Omniscience.

Already many precious souls have been gathered in in that field from among the hardy wood-choppers and their Sabbath-School-educated children. I think the field of your labors, the beginning of your Christian work, bears strong resemblance to that in Black Lake. As it is the Lord's work, it shall go on in prosperity if his beloved are faithful to him.



YOU cannot think how it rejoiced me to hear of the stimulating effects of the library sent to State Bridge. My rejoicing finds glad, humble expression of praise and thanksgiving to my Lord, not because *I* sent it, but because he has so blest it. With the blessing of the Father, what an indefinite multiplication for wondrous good may start from the smallest beginnings!

In what toil have you and your people been engaged! blessed toil! And how we forget the toil when we join hearts and hands in holy prayer and in happy congratulation over the results that labor has accomplished! Did the easy-going ones in life who grow sad, desponding, dissatisfied, complaining, sick and diseased, but know and feel the joy, the content, the heart gladness,

the blessing of those whose minds and hands are ever active in holy toil, what herculean effort they would make to break from the fetters of their indolence! How they would join hands with the toiler that they might also share the blessings of heart-comfort, soul-peace, and soul-satisfaction!

TEACHING THE LOWLY

TO MISS EMMA BURRILL:

I KNOW your missionary field is no easy one to cultivate; no light burden is upon your physical, upon your spiritual nature; both will be severely tried. To toil, day after day, month after month, with ignorant, unruly, mischievous, stubborn children, in the earnest endeavor to teach them to read, if nothing more, is a task which those only fitted by the graces of patience and self-control and by constant appeals to the helping Lord for aid can successfully fulfil. The following consideration is, however, a blessed stimulus for your encouragement and perseverance in your labors. You, with all the Christian teachers of the young of the colored race, are in the van of those who are laying the foundation

for uplifting these long down-trodden ones to the benefits and blessings of mental culture and the exercise of a Christian faith. You are teaching these poor children to read, making the Holy Scriptures your text-book—and you could have no better book. And then, as these children go forth into life's toils, temptations, trials, you put a Bible into their hands, the word you have taught them to read. Now I would like to know with what better equipment for soul-preservation and for doing successful battle against a wicked world a young man or woman, or an old man or woman, could be sent forth? And I would like to know upon whom will fall a richer heaven-blessing than upon those who thus send them forth out into life? Not every one, I know, will go forth a conqueror, but suppose only one in five or one in ten shall become savingly converted and zealously engage in the Master's work, what a victory for our Lord! And what a rejoicing for those who first sent them forth, having taught them to read the word, to sing the praises of Jesus; having by prayer and holy Christian example commended them to the Saviour.

TO MISS CARTER:

AS you went out from your home not knowing, like Abraham, whither you were going, yet trusting in the Lord, the Lord had a great work for you to do; and this is now apparent in that work by the prosperity he has sent you and by the joy of soul you have in it. I am sure the Lord's good hand is most evident in what he has directed you to do; and your obedience in faithfully doing it is the cause of the resultant blessing.

RESULTS OF SERVICE

YOU write that you can trace no direct results from the use of particular means by you which has led to the conversion of souls. I think that after that special appeal to poor sinners which you made, when three of the worst element tarried after the service for religious conversation, and two were hopefully converted, and but a short time after one led in public prayer, you could not fail to recognize direct results from the gospel truths which the Lord put into your heart, and caused you to utter through your lips. I know your spirit revolts from the use of the pronoun *I*, and all the praise is in the use of the

capital pronoun *Thou*. Still you were used as the instrument of doing the good. And to be thus used is an especial favor from the Lord, and your comforting evidence of his blessing upon your labors. To humbly, thankfully rejoice in this, is meet, praiseworthy, and honorable.

But even suppose you did not see great results from your preaching in the ingathering of souls, yet are you wonderfully privileged in being permitted to sow the truth-seeds of the kingdom. What more can you faithfully do? What more does the Master ask? In his time, and in no other time, will the sown seed come forth. The fruitage will be the Lord's for his glory.



TO REV. I. E. N. BACKUS, VERONA MILLS, N. Y.

BELoved BROTHER:

THERE is no need of excuse for your not having answered my letters ere this, because I am well aware of the "rapid-transit" life, in attention to all your duties, you must necessarily be called to lead. Let him who thinks that his physical toil is exhausting, and who goes often with saddened heart to his labor, sighing and complaining that his is the hardest lot, the most

pitiable and burdensome one, let him come for a while into the arena of the mind-toiler, and he will soon make glad haste to his own work, having learned a profitable experience lesson.

Multitudes think, and think deeply and largely—this is one thing; but to put thought into action, into language, to methodize it and commit it to writing, is quite another. What mental training, what discernment, what judgment, what concentration of thought are all necessary in this! In the legions of thoughts which with electric swiftness are continually passing through the mind, the soul, what quick action is necessary to discern what we want for our subject, to arrest, to hold it, to utilize it! Not such an easy matter is it, as many would think, to race in lightning speed after a useful, practical thought, to capture it, to stamp it in ink, and chain it in bondage to paper. The panorama of brain pictures, which thought is, is so rapid in movement, that ere by the slow process of penning an idea on paper one thought is transcribed, it is secured at the expense of hundreds which have escaped, and which may be quite as good, even if not infinitely better.

But a little while ago a devoted pastor wrote

me that his preparation and effort to preach on the Sabbath so exhausted him nervously that on Sunday nights he hardly got any sleep.

Yes; little indeed do the ignorant know, and not knowing, little can they appreciate the efforts, the worriment, the nervous strain of the brain-worker.

And so I come into a full appreciation of your work; of the exhaustion it is calculated to produce mentally and physically, and of the far more imminent danger of the decadence of the mental from overwork than of the physical from hard toil.

I have, in the preceding pages, written mainly upon mental toil contrasted with the physical in a worldly sense; but what a wondrous realm opens for thought and hand in the contemplation of the spiritual-religious. What interesting, glorious, soul-expanding, soul-uplifting scenery breaks in heavenly beauty, in heavenly illumination, upon the privileged, God-blest soul of him before whom the Heavenly Father in Christ opens the door of his pure, beauteous spirit-realm.

How insignificant are thought and activity in the sphere of the earthly compared with them in the sphere of the holy, the heavenly!

And, taken in this serious consideration, what an obligation to the putting forth of unremitting toil in the Master's vineyard!



REV. T. Y. BLANKS:

TO hear of or see good resulting from our efforts is at once evidence that our labors are owned of the Master. And this evidence is not only a source of joy, but a holy incentive to continuance in well-doing. Working for Jesus is the holy path which leads to communion with Jesus; and it is the path of humility, the path of peace, of joy, of holy satisfaction, of distinguished blessing. Nothing will so drive out the spirit of inertness, of complaining, of fretful unrest from the Christian heart, as a little work for Jesus. I have experienced this, but you much more, because you have so long, so earnestly, actively, and continuously, been about the Master's business; sown so much seed of the kingdom, seen so much of its fruitage, and rejoiced so much in the reaping.

I have often met professors who have become poor objects, through their Christian inaction. They are apt to look upon those Christians who

are warm and active in the holy service as peculiarly favored of the Lord, while the Lord, as they think, has apparently denied them his blessing and help. You and I have often heard such professors deploring the leanness of their Christian graces as the result of the withdrawal of the Spirit from them; while the whole cause was in themselves—their want of prayer, of activity, of consecration, of desire and seeking to do good. I remember some two years ago that it seemed to me as if my memory was beginning to fail, especially in the remembrance of names and of Scripture texts. I at once set about committing some of the psalms to memory. I began with the first psalm. I never was handy at committing to memory, but I tugged away at that psalm for weeks. At length I got it; then I began with the nineteenth. Long and fearful was the struggle, but at length I had it, too; then with many others, all of which I learned by heart. As I acquired these, I was astonished how my memory revived, how my soul was cheered, how many otherwise vacant hours were filled up in repeating these psalms to myself. In my wakeful hours, their repetition is for me songs in the night-season. I told a neighbor Christian of my committing psalms to mem-

ory, and that he could do so too. He replied, "Oh, no; I have such a poor memory." His memory is far better than mine in business; I know he or any Christian could learn many a psalm, but the trouble is they do not want to tax their patience, their memories, their time. And so often for causes of their own they fall into barrenness of soul, and try to lay the blame on the Lord.



WHAT a cross it must be to God's ministering servants, who, educated in the truths of God's word, learned in the Scriptures, sound in the doctrine, firm in the faith, heart absorbed in the work, Jesus' presence a shining light in their soul and upon their pathway, to be set upon, annoyed, troubled, opposed in their work by some poor ignorant parishioner or parishioners, the sum of whose theological knowledge, compared with their pastor's, is about like the boy's A, B, C, compared with the erudition of his wise teacher. How many cases of this character have come to my knowledge, which I have witnessed and which I recall at this moment.

I think that if the right spirit possessed those who professed to have it, and who even thought

that by opposing the humble efforts of God's beloved in well doing they had some grounds for their opposition, when they saw the Lord's blessing resting upon the labors of his servants they would have grace and spirit enough and religion enough to say, "Beloved of the Lord, we thought you were wrong and we were right; but God has looked with favor upon your sacrifice, and instead of murdering you in the Cain-spirit of jealousy, envy, revenge, we join hands with you in the good, and heartily exclaim: We are henceforth with you, brother. God speed us!"

RESULTS

I OFTEN think of how the holy work of God's people, done in heart-love for Him, done with a full knowledge of what they are doing and with a holy faith in the assurance of its success in the Lord's own time; done at the expense of much self-denial, and in the very face of many hindrances and of much opposition—how by the Lord's blessing upon it, it comes forth as holy fruitage when perhaps least expected; when he who went forth to the work has been laid aside by mental or physical disability, or by death. How such fruitage of such work stands forth as a

holy monument to the zeal of him who sowed the truth-seed! What an incontrovertible evidence of the Master's favor and blessing upon the work, and of his pleasure in his beloved! What a rebuke to those who, thinking they knew better than God or man, did all they could to hinder the Lord's servant in his good efforts!



WHAT a mighty train of holy influence one poor sinner converted by the power of the Spirit may set in motion by his feeble effort! a train of good that may run its influence not only to the ends of the earth, but continue to expand and increase in power for all eternity.

It is by the enlightening power of the Holy Spirit only, that the most ignorant may and do become educated in grace. The unlettered and humble disciples of our Lord, how learned they became in the Scriptures, and how mighty in the Spirit!



WHILE all along the line of the advancing hosts of Christ there is the cheering report of souls continually coming into the Saviour's fold, so also on every side comes up the cry

for more men to preach and carry the gospel, for more means to spread it, for more Bibles, more religious literature. Every resource to supply the demand is being sought out and perseveringly pressed.



WHAT we want in our land to-day is a more deep-rooted soul-piety in God's people, whether pastors or not. We want more holy, consecrated lives, and a greater spirit of devotion. We want the world to see and to feel that in the holy cause of Christ we mean business—up and doing, zeal, fire, in the cause of our Redeemer.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE

WE should never look upon what we do for the blessed Saviour and for poor sinners from the cold standpoint of duty only, but from the high and holy summit of permitted privilege. Whatever of good is in our hearts is God's work in them, not ours. If in any direction he makes us co-workers with himself, to him be all the thanks, all the glory; privileged ones we are.



BLESSED Saviour! how our hearts should go out in devoted love to him for the hope he gives us in his salvation, for the privilege he grants us of honoring him by opening doors of usefulness before us, and by always so helping us that we shall be equal to the duty he lays upon us!

Here, then, is the Christian's power in doing good; if moved by the Spirit of the Lord, the Lord is behind the work, and his word shall not return unto him void. So then, if by poor me and poor thee any good has been done for our fellow creatures through our having put in their way anything of the Lord's which has led them to think, to feel, to cry for mercy and pardon, and to obtain that pardon, our poor hearts cannot but exclaim: "Glory to the Lord, it is all his work." The praise is all the Lord's, the joy of the good done is ours.





CONVERSIONS AND CONVERTS

DEAR BROTHER DEMAREST:



WOULD not have detained you so long waiting for me the day you called, only that the dear friend with whom I was conversing had been long away and I was so rejoiced to see him. A little of his history may be interesting to you. He is a marked illustration of what the grace of Jesus can do when it begins its blessed work in a sinner's heart. For many years before his conversion this dear brother was among the very depraved of earth—vile, blasphemous, and a drunkard. He had begun to mend his ways a little when he was taken very sick. So low did he become that his death was almost momentarily expected. A Christian brother¹ happening to

¹The brother was Mr. Neefus.

pass his house, and knowing that he was very sick, called in to see him, and to talk and pray with him. It was in the evening the friend called, and it was certainly expected that he would die before the morning light came in; and he since told me himself that he felt quite certain that his end at the time of the call was very near. The friend prayed with him and then left. Contrary to all expectation, he began to revive; and, to the astonishment of all who inquired about him the next day, it was announced that he was better. He told me that while the brother was conversing with him about his soul, and especially when he prayed with him, he felt that he was accepted in Christ, his sins forgiven, and he a new creature in Jesus. From that hour to the present, some twenty-five years, he has been going through earth with his face heavenward. He turned from all his evil ways, left the brothel, and began to live for Jesus; united with the Baptist Church in our place, and has all along through life since his conversion been a faithful, exemplary Christian, honored and respected by the whole community. He is a man of large information, speaks fluently in four different languages, and takes occasion through this knowledge to speak to many about

their souls. This dear brother has lived as one of my near neighbors ever since his conversion until within about a year; so in writing about him, I know whereof I affirm.

We often hear nicely told stories of conversions, and sometimes they are so gilded and beautified that we are inclined not to take in the whole account; but when we become eye-witnesses for twenty-four years to the holy walk and conversation, to the Christian zeal and usefulness of one converted to Christ, we are not apt to be mistaken about the genuineness of his change of heart.



I OFTEN think, what marked evidences of conversion are those who are led by the grace of God up and out of the real mire and filth and degradation of a low, sinful, vicious life into the light and liberty of the blessed Gospel. To see such come forth from the giant power of sin into the heavenly power of holiness, what evidence is it of the truth and mightiness of the Gospel of our Lord; what a strengthening incentive to redoubled effort and energy in the proclaiming of this holy truth! How marked the change, how positive the conviction, how assured to self and

the church and the world, the conversion of such sinners! How very different from those children who are born and brought up in a religious atmosphere, and who glide smoothly, almost imperceptibly into the church, to her communion and the companionship of the good. As a godly man once said in this connection, when asked about his conversion: "There never was a time that I can remember, from my earliest days, when I was not a Christian. I have no special evidences of my first conversion to point to." Now, while such may be the best of men and women at heart, they not unfrequently glide along when *in* the church on the same runners upon which they glided in; not very demonstrative, not very energetic, not very pronounced in faith and works.

But when, from the midnight of sin, from the abominations of the life of vice and moral corruption, a poor soul is raised up to newness of life in Christ, and is thus led to see and to feel what a change has been wrought in him, how pronounced he is in his gratitude and praise to Jesus for his great deliverance! How zealous for the Master's cause! How eager for the wresting of others from the same pit whence he was digged!

I have known many such cases. One, a gam-

bler and very profane. The Lord arrested him in his sin, and made him a subject of his saving grace. Such a zealous convert I never knew. No effort for the good of saint or sinner, no self-denial was too great for him. After a time he was largely instrumental in erecting a church not far from his residence, and often preached in it himself. His exhortations were powerful, and productive of wonderful good. I knew him to take a young man, whom he had led from the intoxicating cup and from the gambling table, to accept Christ, and keep that man on his own premises for I think nearly three years that he might watch over him and aid him to persevere in the faith.

I knew the young man also; from death in the lowest sinks of sin, he came up to newness of life in Christ. After he left my friend, his whole soul was fired with the most earnest zeal for reclaiming sinners, especially from drink.

He said in my hearing after his conversion: "In all my wild career of sin and folly, I never rejected the Bible, but often read it, thinking by doing so to make some amends for my life of iniquity; nor did I ever forget that I had a praying mother." The seed of holy truth had taken

lodgment somewhere and somehow in his soul, and in due time it came forth in one of the most glorious conversions I ever witnessed in my life. This man turned at once away from his evil life and began the service of the Lord. This was several years ago. The last time I saw him was in the Fulton Street prayer-meeting with a young man whom he had induced to enter with him to be prayed for by God's people. After the meeting, he told me that he was engaged as a missionary under the auspices of the John Street Church; that out of some forty young men he had been the means of leading astray, he had succeeded in rescuing about thirteen of them, and that he was going for all the rest.



ANOTHER young man, now living in our village, while some years ago engaged in the liquor business, was converted. A few days after, he turned all his liquors into the gutter. He soon became very zealous in the Lord's work, and has continued so to this day. How marked the zeal and success of Paul for Christ after his wonderful conversion!



MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER :

NOT a day, scarcely an hour has passed since we were at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, but I have thought of and tried to pray for you. You do not know how it rejoiced my heart, and the hearts of many all about you, to see you rise for prayer; and then to see you go forward to meet God's people for holy advice and conversation. Oh, what a blessing came upon your soul direct from the dear Saviour; a blessing which he did not send upon multitudes of impenitent ones who were scattered all through that audience; and who, after listening to such a sermon as Dr. Menhall preached, still remained hard of heart, and unmoved; and to this moment are yet unconcerned about their souls' salvation.

I can tell you that nothing will give so much peace and joy to the soul; nothing will so help one on through life as a life of holy communion with Jesus, a life of holy devotion to him, and an outspoken, holy allegiance to him in the face of friend or foe.



THE SEED AND THE FRUIT

BUT recently I received a most blessed letter from an old sailor and sea-captain, giving me an account of his conversion. Some three years ago, hearing of the hardness and wickedness of this man, I wrote him a letter, asking in it the question: "Would you think of going to sea without a compass, a chart, to guide you? You know if you went thus you would never come to the haven you started for. And whom but yourself could you blame for your wreckage? You are now out upon the wide, dark, boisterous sea of life, and already have wandered hither and thither for many years, never having taken the chart, the compass of God's dear word to guide you to the haven of glory; and what must be the result of such neglect, such despising of the holy means in the heart-use of which you may be wafted safely to the heaven shore, except the sad wreckage of your soul for all eternity? And whom for such untold loss could you blame but yourself?"

His letter to me is expressive of a genuine work of grace in his penitent heart. How he magnifies that mercy of God which bore with him through all his wandering, and at length brought him to

himself! How feelingly he writes of the work of the Spirit in his soul, of his joy and peace through faith in Christ! "I have at last," says he, "taken your good advice; I have lifted my sails to the heaven-breezes, and Jesus is at my heart's helm to guide me to the shores of glory." The sown seed of God's truth had dropped into that hard heart. It was there lying apparently dead for three years, but at length took root and came forth in that soul's conversion, and is now bearing precious fruit.



ONE night I was led by a particular Providence to take a road on my way home which I seldom traveled. There I passed a house in which I saw a light dimly burning. Knowing that the father of a large family was lying there very sick, I was led to enter the house. The poor man was in the last stage of consumption. I conversed with him about his soul, and prayed with him. He had been a very wicked man, but then and there he, too, felt the converting power of the Spirit, and was led to cry to Jesus for pardon. His whole soul rejoiced in the Lord. He said to me, "I am just about to depart. All my trust is in Christ. He is most precious to me. I

am waiting his will—I put my soul in his hand. I know he will save me.” A few hours after this he left the suffering body for the company of the redeemed.



WITH all that has been written about the nature and simplicity of conversion, and the great readiness with which it may be experienced, there is notwithstanding a wondrous depth of power and meaning in it. That cannot be merely a light matter concerning the occurrence of which in a poor soul, “there is joy among the angels of God in heaven!” That cannot be merely a light matter, in the occurrence of which an immortal soul is turned from a downward course toward eternal perdition to an upward course to eternal glory—that no light occurrence in which a soul is rescued from its confinement in the dungeons of sin, and made a “freed one in Christ.”



DEAR MRS. JARVIS:

I AM cheered to learn that your meetings have not been held in vain, but have thus far resulted in the conversion of seven precious souls. Oh, what a blessed harvest! What a victory for

our dear Jesus! What a help for his cause! Seven turned from darkness to light, from evil to good, from sin to holiness; seven more examples to the world that there is reality, power, blessedness in the religion of Jesus. Seven wrested from the power of Satan, and housed safely in the fold of Christ; seven turned from working for Satan, to work for the Heavenly Master.

The religion of Jesus is like the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes; all who come may eat and be filled, and abundance left for all who may yet come after. Who shall tell what work these young converts may do for Christ? They start out in the vigor of youth, a long life of usefulness before them. Oh, what, by a consecrated life to Jesus, may they not do? They have relatives, friends, and neighbors all about them who are yet in the service of a wicked world. Can they see these friends going on in enmity to the dear Lord without exhorting them to turn to Jesus? Can they cease praying for them? These young people have entered the Master's vineyard; and there laboring for his glory they will receive a double reward—a present blessing directly following their every labor for Jesus, and in the end Heaven, happiness, eternal peace.

CARE OF YOUNG CONVERTS

I RECEIVE many letters from my correspondents giving accounts of the conversions of precious souls. Of this it is cheering to hear; but, from what I have often witnessed myself, it seems to be the aim more to make converts than to care for them after they are converted. This error is not an uncommon one among pastors and church members who put forth great zeal often, and praiseworthy zeal, to bring poor sinners into the fold, and then neglect to instruct, to caution, to guard, to pray with and for them. I know of churches to-day to whose membership some are admitted at almost every communion, and it is blessed to see them brought in; but after they come in little interest is taken in them; and I'll wager that the pastors of these churches do not know one-third of their church members when they meet them, and one-half of the church members in these churches do not know the other half. Now the consequence of all this is that spirituality is at a low ebb and worldliness at pretty high tide.

Those who come into the church expect the warm grasp of holy affection; and not only this,

but the continuation of it, for they feel the need of help in their Christian way. Now if instead of this they fail often of being recognized by pastor or brethren, I know of nothing that will give them such a setback in their Christian love and zeal and Christian joy. This with the true convert, I know ought not to be. In the midst of all opposition, he should be enabled joyfully to exclaim: "None of these things move me." "I have food to eat that ye know not of." Nevertheless, in the face of all this, the want of cordial brotherly love and interest will have and does have its chilling effect.



I HOPE the dear young disciples who have so lately started among you in the divine life and on the road to glory, are going on their way rejoicing in the Lord—working earnestly in the Master's vineyard, scattering the heavenly seed in every direction. I hope and pray that they are all living holy, devoted lives; lives that are examples to the world of what the religion of Jesus can do for a poor sinner; lives that stir up older Christians to greater zeal than ever in the Master's service. I hope they are all praying Christians,

living ever in the holy atmosphere of prayer. So will they grow in grace; so be the means of doing great good in the Lord's service, in bringing others to follow Jesus.



WHAT an army for the Lord has been recruited from the ranks of the world to go forth and fight the battles for our divine Saviour! What cannot one hundred and thirty-nine converts do for the glory of the Master? Many of these young souls are very weak, and very ignorant in holy things; they need strength and instruction; and who shall aid them in this but the older disciples, leading them and teaching them to look to the Saviour; instructing them how to pray, how to live, how to work.



AND let these young soldiers of the cross also know that this great enemy is very cunning. If they at any time leave a single point of their Christian lives unguarded, he will be there ready to take possession. There are so many ways in which professing Christians can give Satan a chance to get hold of them—neglect of prayer, neglect of reading the Bible, neglect

of the church services, neglect of being found among God's people, neglect of Christian conduct, neglect of their conversation. Any professor who engages in evil conversation at once lets Satan into his heart; and when the Lord is out, it is often a very hard matter to get the devil out and the Lord back again. And so I hope this grand army enlisted for Jesus, will every one stand up boldly, nobly, perseveringly, to do battle for him, and never give the devil opportunity to lead them to in any way dishonor their Lord.



WHILE the young converts you speak of have given you a holy joy, in that the Lord has blest your labors in the Sabbath School, there also comes with this joy a large burden of anxious, superintending, fatherly care in watching over these lambs. They are unwary, unsuspecting; and they must be carefully watched, and lovingly, faithfully warned of their danger. And to effectually do this, will be to pray often for them and with them. While in prayer, we are in a holy fortress of defense whose walls Satan cannot scale.



HOW carefully should the older membership look after the new converts, especially the young! Even though Satan may know that he cannot again get them back into his evil fold, yet he will neglect no opportunity to tempt, to trouble, to perplex, to annoy them.

Watch then, pray with, tenderly lead the young; give them the benefit, the blessing of your experience; so, with Christ's help, shall they be kept.





ORGANIZING THE NEW CHURCH



SUPPOSE you are now right in the clerical harness—collar, hames, and traces all on, and tugging hard at drawing the gospel chariot safely and successfully along with all your dear people in it; so I know you have enough to do without writing letters. If I mistake not, I have heard that your church edifice is all finished, and you are worshipping in it. I suppose you have not such a large congregation at the start, but by your efforts you will soon increase it. Anyway, I do not believe in mammoth churches and mammoth congregations and mammoth ministers; pretty apt to be large spiritual leakages somewhere; hard to keep the oversight of such flocks; hard to preach to them. The trouble is, vital godliness and deep practical piety are generally at a large discount. If a minister cannot come

quite often into intimate spiritual communion and companionship with his congregation, and especially with his church members, his church will not be spiritually very prosperous. This opportunity you have; and I believe the good you will do by being enabled to keep a full oversight over all your people will far outstrip the mammoth of which I have written. It was the boast of one of the best ministers I ever knew, in a congregation near us, that there was not a single member of or in his congregation to whom he had not spoken on the subject of religion. May the Saviour bless you, and prosper you in your good work.



IN these days there is often too great an aim at making a numerical display of membership. This, as we well know, is not a church's real power; its power and efficiency lies in the vital godliness of its members, be they many or few.



I AM greatly obliged to you for writing to me about Brother Berkeley and his church. I know those people must have quite a struggle to keep the good work going, because they are poor,

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and labor is not abundant. Still, their efforts to get a house of worship will cause them to appreciate it all the more.

I am glad that you have been so prosperous in raising funds for the new church. I think your plan is a good one—to start the building and continue progress as you are able, and finish in about three years, when the old church will be about worn out. This plan is prudent and economical, and you will succeed. If you have not a good pulpit Bible, when you are ready to enter the new church, I will, the Lord willing, send you one.



TO REV. REUBEN BERKELEY:

IN your last letter you gave me an encouraging report of the progress you were making in building up your church edifices at Ware Neck, and the Morning Glory Church. I have often thought of you in your labors and in the struggle you and your people are making for the completion of your churches, and for the maintenance of the dear gospel among you. While there may be much to dishearten, there is still more to encourage. You, and those in the two churches who profess Christ, have the Lord on your side.

“Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world.”



IT shows a deep interest in your people in the Lord's service, to subscribe so largely for a new church. If the old building is in condition fit for repairing, and does not need enlarging, it might be well to thoroughly repair the old house, and make it go yet for some years till a more favorable opportunity comes for erecting a new house of worship.



IF you can organize a church in connection with the Sunday School with the number of members you mention, namely, fifty-six, it seems to me you would have a large force to start with. Many friends of mine in the West have started a church with only ten or twelve members. The advantages of your mission would be that those who were far distant from the parent church would have larger and more frequent opportunities of hearing the gospel; the children would become more regular and frequent in their attendance upon the Sabbath School, and I believe a new interest would be developed in that district

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by an increased zeal on the part of those who would constitute the new organization. Then your own soul would be wonderfully quickened and blest as their pastor. With this new zeal and holy enthusiasm for the glory of God, I pray that the people of your charge may begin their new church life. And if thus they begin, they need not fear but that the Lord will do his part.



I AM much cheered to learn from you that the church organization, long desired and prayed for by many of the brethren, has at last been consummated, and that you have made a start in holy things; and a good start it is, if I rightly understand you, with thirty-two members and ten or twelve more soon to follow, and you granted the glorious privilege of preaching to them. May the dear Master be always at your side—your Counselor, your Strength, your Light, your Joy, your Encouragement, your Defense, your Companion.



I HAVE heard from Isaiah Miles, whom I saw a short time ago, that the building had been erected, and I suppose by this time you are wor-

shipping in it. I congratulate you heartily for the progress you have made in your good work. I have often read of the difficulty in many places of organizing churches and Sabbath Schools, and those starting the matter thought themselves greatly favored if they could gather ten or fifteen scholars in the Sabbath School, and eight or nine church members in the new church; and often thus organizing, had to struggle on for two or three years before they could erect a house of worship. How the dear Master has poured out his Spirit upon you in the very beginning of your work! With forty church workers to hold up your hands, to encourage you in your good work, surely you are greatly favored. As you preach the word from time to time and see perhaps from thirty to thirty-five of these members before you, living witnesses of the truth you preach, how must this sight, this thought, fill your soul with joy, move your lips to praise, and divinely strengthen you to utter the words of life! How in the face of such a number of God's people are you strengthened to appeal to the impenitent, to urge them to flee from the wrath to come to that Saviour whom all these have found most precious to their souls!



JOINING THE CHURCH

BUT whence comes this cold-hearted professionalism which, by its careless example and irreverence of Sabbath observance, results in so much trouble in the church, and so much injury to souls outside? It is the result of not guarding well the holy gate against those entering who have not been really renewed by the sanctifying, regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. I have seen persons admitted to the communion of our church who gave no evidence of a change of heart—and if I could have had my way they never would have been admitted without very much stronger and more certain evidences. After admission I have carefully observed their walk and conversation. In many instances it amounted to just what I have said of the careless and irreverent. I remember being present at the examination of a prominent person in our community when he

came before the consistory and asked for admission to the communion. He gave no evidence of a change of heart; yet as a man of influence, and one who had always been a strict church-goer, he could hardly be refused admission. He was accepted. I carefully watched him; his life was a positive injury to the cause; again and again he led young men into sin, and was often found in the paths of iniquity himself; and to the day of his death he never to me showed any change in his life. Often to this day are his inconsistencies as a professor of religion spoken of by the world, and gloried in by the world, as an argument for it against the truthfulness and reality of religion.

Shortly after the admission of this last person, another prominent young man in the community came before the elders for admission. He came humbly, penitently, in tears; in fear and trembling; he had been a great sinner, but the evidence of his penitence could not be doubted; it was a genuine work of the Spirit. He was received. From that hour his whole life, walk, and conversation were changed, as different as the day from the night. His zeal for the Saviour put to the blush the Christian life of many an old professor.

In that zeal he continued to the day of his death. Ah, it is the careful guarding of the portals of the church, which is to tell for her growth, her holiness, her prosperity; and which is to tell upon the world in exhibiting the truthfulness of our blessed religion.



A GREAT evil with which our Dutch Church has here occasionally had to contend is the application of parents of young persons, to have them admitted to the holy communion on or about Easter. The applications have in almost every instance been made by those of foreign birth, and in accordance with erroneous notions that at about the age of say fifteen or twenty such persons ought to partake of the holy communion. The great vital question of the absolute need of a change of heart, of penitence for sin and living faith in Christ which our Church holds as the all-needful essentials for admittance to her communion, are seemingly ignored. A practical, forcible, and very sad illustration of the evil which may run in this direction is the following: I said to a mother but a short time ago: "So your daughter has been confirmed, and

partaken of the holy communion?" "Yes, and now," said she, "I have no more responsibility about her spiritual welfare. She must now act and do for herself. If she goes to ruin, it is not my fault."



I HOPE you will unite, by a confession of faith in Christ, with some evangelical church. In so doing, you will take a more decided stand for the dear Saviour; the sphere of your influence will become more enlarged; communion with God's people will tend to strengthen your faith; the communion of the Lord's Supper will tend to bring you into more sweet, close, and soul-comforting intimacy with the dear Redeemer. May the dear Saviour take thee gently by the hand and lead thee humbly to confess him before the world.





CHURCH MEMBERSHIP



HOPE the fervent piety, the devoted Christian zeal, the godly walk of your membership, may become so apparent, so pronounced for Jesus, that many of the larger congregations about you shall be put to the blush, when compared with yours, for their want of holy devotion and pious example.

I just now remember reading of a minister who was called to the pastorate of a church with a large nominal membership, but which was very dead spiritually. Several pastors had tried to run the affair, but failed because of the little life in it. This last pastor was told that he would also fail. He said he would fix the whole matter very soon. Shortly after his installation he directed that a meeting should be called and a roll of the membership of the church be prepared for him. At the meeting he took the roll, tore it in

pieces, and said: "Now we will start anew, and all who will be considered members of this church must unite with us on a reconfession of their faith, after a proper examination of each." This course had the desired effect. Many who had been on the membership list never put in an appearance; many who did, were swamped for want of satisfactory evidence of true conversion. In this way a great weeding of the tares took place, and the church went on prosperously. And so the little live spiritual church is far better than the *great big* spiritually dead one.





THE CONDUCT OF CHRISTIANS

TO be a true, live Christian means to be active, prayerful, on the watch for others' good; to so live before all as that they shall say: "There goes a Christian." These are the happy, the cheerful, the useful, the contented Christians. Those who live very near to the Saviour are not those who are ever going about with sad faces and complaining, fault-finding tongues; not those who are sour-tempered and fretful, and always uneasy and ready for strife, but those who make the Saviour their most intimate and loving companion. They have a hidden joy which cannot but speak in their looks, their words, their acts. None need want for this joy if they will carefully seek it. None who believe in Christ need stay long out of the sunshine of his presence, away from the gracious sweetness of his smile.

I DO not believe in every man's Christianity, for there are many who by their words and deeds so deny what they profess that they would wreck any man's faith, blight his hope, chill his love, and kill his Christian zeal, were he to look to and be guided by their example. But such men are not the true exponents of genuine Christianity; no more so than a quack doctor is the true exponent of the science of medicine, or a quack lawyer the true exponent of the dignity and science of law, or the persons who traffic through unlawful dealings exponents of the dignity and honor, the integrity of mercantile trade. With regard to Christianity especially, I think there is very much perverted, unjust and unreasonable judgment set up against it. Instead of taking the word of God as the basis and authority for testing and passing judgment upon Christians, and by this line of judgment throwing out and overboard the vile hypocrite, and leaving the holy Word intact in its heavenly authority, the general course is to set up the poor hypocritical professor as the basis for the condemnation and rejection of the living, glorious, eternal truths of Christianity. Yet how narrow and biassed is such a course! Men do not think of pursuing this

latter course of judgment in the case of the pseudo lawyer or doctor.

Among the splendid seed-potatoes you sent me lately—they are as fine as any I have ever purchased—I occasionally find a decayed or very defective one. I judge the poor ones by the good ones, and would not think of throwing away the good ones, or condemning the good because of the false and decayed; the *good* are the sample, not the false.



AS I look back to my early days and think of the stalwart men and women who then composed the “household of faith” in our village, whose whole Christian life in thought, word, and deed ever illustrated the beauty, the power, the reality of the religion of him whom they loved and served, and who were so scrupulously careful to avoid even the appearance of evil, lest the cause of their dear Lord should suffer reproach through them—when I compare those Christians with these of to-day, there does seem a marked difference between the two. Then Christian example was carefully watched by the church, and Christians prayerfully watched themselves. To-day, the

church has relaxed much of her spiritual vigilance over the character and life of her children.



TO be a Christian means to be awake in Christ; to stand for life on picket duty for ourselves and for others. It means to take warning ourselves of the enemy's approach, and to warn others, just as you are doing in teaching the young about duty, God and heaven.



WE find the most energetic Christians the most lively in their faith, the most confident in hope, the most joyous in spirit, and so most blest of the Father. As you well express it in your letter, you found that *want of use* had been more destructive of your goods and premises than use would have been. So may we say of the Christian life: Christian work keeps in bright polish all the Christian armor, every Christian grace. Without this work—rust; and no rust is so destructive in its tendency, so hard to remove, as that which for want of holy use settles upon the Christian graces.



HOW often on our pilgrimage we meet with brother Christians whom we love as Christians, and esteem as such, but whose action, manner, conversation, and whole natural make-up is so uncongenial to us that we can think a great deal more and better of them in their absence than in their presence. I remember how not long since a good man visited me for a few days. He was a full-grown pessimist. Everything was out of joint, and everybody. Clouds and darkness were about him, nothing could he see in a soul-cheering, heaven-beauteous light. My Christian brother quite unnerved me; and when he bade me good-by I felt relieved. He is a good man, one deeply versed in the Scriptures, very particular about his Christian walk, very polite, and exceedingly afraid of making himself troublesome; but his fault-finding spirit was a sad blight upon his Christian influence.



I REMEMBER reading in one of the daily papers at the time, how that as Mr. Beecher made his appearance in a place where a large assemblage had gathered to participate in a very worldly amusement and he came in to enjoy the

sport with them, the whole assembly arose and greeted him with cheer upon cheer. He was elated with their enthusiasm, but it was not an enthusiasm resulting from a deep regard for him as a minister of the gospel of Christ, and because of their regard for that gospel, but it was a demonstration of their heart-joy that one so prominent as a preacher would and did condescend to lower himself to sit with them in worldly places. It was a huzza of triumph that one of the foremost representatives of the gospel had stepped down from his high position to fellowship with the world, and identify himself thereby with it in its worldly pleasures.



ARE the Saviour's beloved allied to him in the possession of his Spirit? Then are they allied to each other as one; if not, then is *Christ divided*. But as Christ cannot be divided, it is certain that when those who profess him are divided, the wrong spirit is in them. Not that God's own always so act toward each other as to never give offense in word or deed; but the true child of God, when tempted and tried, opposed, offended, wounded by a brother—even

though at the time he may manifest his offense, or his wounded spirit by a temporary show of resentment, yet in a little time he will be led, Peter-like, to turn from his sin, to weep bitterly, and agonize in imploring petition for pardon from his offended Lord. This spirit is the practical illustration of the truth, the reality of the religion of our Lord—a proof which is an unanswerable argument to the truth in the face of the unbelieving world.



OH, how noble it is to see a Christian walk boldly for his Master before the world, no matter whether the world derides or mocks or insults him!



THE best men in the world to-day are the men of Christian character—honest, upright men, upon whom people can depend, whom they can trust with their money and their interests, and feel that all is safe. A rogue generally runs but a short course and then is done—bones all picked and a good feast made for the buzzard.

So I trust you will always stand very firm on your honor and self-respect; never go anywhere,

or do anything that would throw a cloud over your good name.

*THE BEAUTY OF A CHRISTIAN
CHARACTER*

DEAR BROTHER JOHN:

IT is now some time since I bade you farewell, when we met at the funeral services of our beloved Mr. Prince. You do not know how sad I feel at his departure from us. He was always a dear Christian friend upon whom I could with certainty and safety rely—always kind, affectionate, loving, true. His heart was ever full of tender Christian sympathy, and he seemed to know no malice, no envy, no hatred to any. His was a kind, forgiving spirit. Did any one offend him, his forgiveness was ever ready at the offender's first asking of his pardon. I believe it was by prayer and by patterning after the example of the dear Redeemer, by never harboring ill will, that he continually educated himself up to this noble standard of Christian living and acting; and this was the secret, I believe, of his ever happy smile, of his cheerful spirit, and of his happy life. None who came in Christian contact

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with him but felt the better, the more cheerful and happy for having enjoyed his companionship. Our dear brother, I know, was often severely tried; his zeal for Christ often made him foes; his love was often requited with hatred; his liberality with ingratitude, his kind words with rebuff; his outstretched hand of love was often coldly grasped by those who would not, could they have helped it, have taken that hand at all. But yet, amid all opposition, he was unmoved. He so educated his spirit to overlook the opposition of the world, and the opposition of many of his Christian brethren to him, that their hostility fell powerless against him, and so returned in shame upon their own heads. He was called to pass through many afflictions, but his sorrow was ever lost in the bright cheer of his Christian faith and holy trust in the will of the dear Master. As a worker in the Sabbath School, no expression of mine could even give an approximation of his inestimable worth. His words of advice to the dear children, ever urging them to first of all seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, were seed-sowings of divine truth which shall continue to spring up and bear holy fruitage for many a year to come. His gifted voice in holy

song will never cease sounding in our church, in the Sabbath School, in the ears and upon the souls of all who ever heard him. But he has gone to the Fatherland of rest, of song, of eternal rapture. And so our beloved pass away, and we in turn shall very shortly follow them. The shining light of their Christian life is left for our help and guidance through this dark world, for our cheer, our encouragement, our incentive to all good works.





THE PRAYER-MEETING



H, what heaven benefits come to a community in the establishment and maintenance of a weekly prayer-meeting in its midst! They may be summed up as follows: First, the Lord's especial presence there; second, the protection of such presence for all; third, restraint upon evil, upon sin; fourth, Christian growth in grace, through attendance upon the means of grace; fifth, the holy altar where the tried and afflicted may make known their case to and implore blessings from the Lord; sixth, the place where the awakened soul may himself plead and ask others to plead for him, for mercy and pardon; seventh, a standing, open invitation to the impenitent to come where the Lord waits ready to receive and bless; eighth, the joy-home for God's children—a blessed stepping-stone for their advancement in

holiness on their pilgrimage to the glory-land of heaven.



IN your letter you mention a prayer-meeting held at your house, and that some had come seven miles to attend it with the thermometer from 21° to 38° below zero. Blest with such church members as these, I know your church must be on the road to spiritual life and prosperity.





INCONSISTENT CHURCH MEMBERS

MR. R. F. BARNES:



HIGHLY appreciate the most excellent transcription you sent me entitled "The sorrows of Rev. Aborigines Hiawatha," by Rev. D. Magregor. What a true picture is it of much that we hear of and witness at the present day in the wide and wild digression of multitudes who, professing Christ, would rather, as it were, rule Christ than be ruled by him. These modernists in religion look upon the old beaten tracks, or the "cast up highway upon which the redeemed of the Lord are to walk," as something too old and worn out to be followed in this "rapid-transit" age. Too much solemnity they say—too much devotion, too much self-denial, too much humility which savors of weakness, too much of

the softness of love and of the obeisance of gentleness and tenderness; too strict regard for that careful walk in the Lord's ordinances which puts a veto upon religious liberalism; which makes the religion of Jesus a regimen of severity hardly to be tolerated except by those who would have their lives hid with Christ in God. Modern thought, modern changes require, say they, the modernizing of religion—as if religion had to accommodate itself to them rather than they to accommodate themselves to it. To what extent these spurious ideas of Christianity can and will lead such blind enthusiasts, a blessed illustration is given in this little Hiawatha paraphrase. Modern criticism of true gospel preaching is the sure condemnation of the latter, as the latter is the sure condemnation of the former. So they cannot agree. Brain rather than heart, pride rather than humility, self rather than Jesus, to rule rather than be ruled, stoical indifference rather than tender tearfulness—"go as you please" rather than so to walk as that others shall "take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus and learned of him"; sarcastic irony against the devout believer in Jesus, rather than joining in holy walk with him to the glory land.

HOW often I speak to the impenitent only to hear them excuse themselves from attending to their souls' eternal interests on the ground of the careless, inconsistent lives of professors! I try to convince them that such excuses will never avail to save their souls; that they should not judge of the religion of Jesus by false or inconsistent professors; but, on the contrary, should study the word of life; and on the basis of its holy teachings, judge men and themselves. Yet I know that when they condemn church members they are right, and it pierces my heart with deep sorrow to know that those who profess to follow our dear, glorious, sympathetic, kind Redeemer should by their careless walk give such large and true occasion for the world to malign and ill-judge the religion of Jesus. I write the following with a stricken, aching heart; and I want you, my brother, to publicly proclaim it when you have the opportunity, for the reproof of any, should such be among you. I know professing Christians who would not hesitate to tell a falsehood—who would not hesitate to steal—who would not and do not hesitate to resort to the most unlawful means of making money. I know professors who are Sabbath-breakers—Sunday

novel-readers—frequenters of the race-course—lottery-ticket buyers—theater-goers. Alas! alas! I cannot call these the true children of my Heavenly Father!



TO have patience with poor impenitent, ignorant souls in their guilt, despite all their hostility to us, to the Saviour, is one thing; to have patience with religious trouble-makers, cranks, bosses, is quite another thing. The former are blind; we would lead them by the hand to the “wells of salvation”; the latter *profess* to see, but they need hot shot poured into them from the weapons of those strong in the faith and mighty in the Scriptures, something like the following:

A dear Christian brother in our place, a man full of the Spirit and bold in the Spirit, yet meek and tender as a little child, was appointed in one of our village churches to collect the pew-rents. As he approached one man for rent (the man was not a Christian) he said to the collector, using a little unmentionable language: “Not a cent do I pay.”

“Your name is on the list,” said the collector.

“It makes no difference, I pay nothing; and I’ll tell you why. One of your prominent church

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men came to me to have his wagon repaired; said he would pay as soon as the work was done. I left other work to accommodate him. I finished the work—did it cheaply for him—sent his wagon home. He never came to pay me. I have seen him several times. He has repeatedly lied to me. Over a year has passed, and he owes me the money yet—seventeen dollars. I am a poor mechanic, and it comes hard on me to lose it. No; I pay not a cent for pew-rent.”

The man who cheated the poor mechanic was quite a prominent person in his church, a loud talker about the things of the kingdom, quite a self-emulator, and something of a boss. A short time after his experience with the poor mechanic, the collector met with the boss, who began making a whining complaint of the low state of religion in the town, and that he thought he would seek another place more congenial to his high religious aspirations, holy emotions, and faith-exercises. The good collector faced him fairly, and gave him the hot shot. “Do you know,” said he, “who is the cause of religion being at a low ebb in our town?”

“Who?” says the boss.

“Why, you are; and I’ll tell you how.” He

then told him about the poor mechanic to whom he owed seventeen dollars; how he refused to pay his pew-rent because of his (the boss's) lies to him, and because of his having cheated him. The old boss completely wilted down; and, although several years have passed since this incident occurred, I believe he has never had the assurance to lift his self-condemning visage to any height since. The same old Arab owed my father twelve dollars. After the bill had run for some two years, I sent it to his church, stating that I would make it a donation to the church, and that they might collect it. Another shot for the old boss!

Another incident will show the benefit of hot reproof on these trouble-makers. My dear brother Barnes, of whom I wrote to you in a former letter (he is still living, a great sufferer), noticed one Sabbath morning as he was on his way to church (this occurred several years ago), one of the prominent deacons of the church, who was and is still a great railroad magnate in the city of Brooklyn, very busily engaged in giving his men directions about putting down a railroad track through a prominent street, the residents on which had objected to the track. The railroad

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men were engaged in the work on the Sabbath, by doing which they took advantage of some legal provision which prevented them from being hindered in their work. Brother Barnes took his seat in church. It was communion Sabbath. Said he to me afterward:

“When the bread and wine were to be passed around, whom should I see coming down my aisle but the old deacon whom but a few minutes before I had seen on the street commanding his men—and in not very finely used language either—and directing in the track-laying. When he came to me, I refused to take the holy elements. He looked amazed, and passed on. A few days after I met him upon the street, and he asked rather sharply, ‘I want to know why you did not partake of the bread and wine on last Sabbath, when I brought them to you?’ ‘Because,’ said I, ‘they were too sacred things to take from unclean hands.’” It was a hot shot sent into the old boss, and he replied to Barnes: “I’ll have you brought up before the church.”

“All right, deacon,” he said, “I’ll come whenever you want me.” But Barnes was never sent for. Now it is in this spirit that these trouble-mongers in the church must often be met.



RECREATION AND THE CHURCH MEMBER



OUR remark is indeed true that “multitudes consult Webster more than they do their Bibles.” Oh, what witnesses against their real interest in and deep love for the Bible are those who having professed to make it the “man of their counsel and the guide of their steps” can yet find not enough in the word and the holy streams of gospel literature flowing in every direction therefrom, to interest and entertain them! How these advertise the fact that to fill their minds with the trashy, corrupting, grace-killing literature of the day, and to fill their hearts with love for senseless, unchristian amusements, is by far of more interest to them than the blessed word of life!

What numbers of professing Christians I know who have said to me: “Well, I must have some

recreation, so I go to the theater with my wife once a week." What multitudes join clubs and associations to help spend their spare hours in companionships and doings they would blush to tell of, and would, were it openly known, make them most fit subjects not only for church discipline, but expulsion. What numbers make the Sabbath-day a newspaper-reading day or a novel-reading day. Anything, everything, apparently, to avoid the reading, the study of that word in which they profess to believe, by whose light they profess to have been illumined, and through faith in the Saviour of which they profess to have been renewed and redeemed! Oh, what wounds do such give the Saviour! And what a depreciating value they lead the world to set upon that Saviour's death and salvation! It was but a few weeks ago that a worldly young man took great pleasure in spreading abroad the fact, that as soon as the church services were over one Sabbath morning, a prominent young lady member of the church approached him in the church and urged him to buy a ticket for a very large ball which was to be given at a prominent club-house in our place.

BUT thus, beloved in the Lord, we have not learned Christ. What more can we wish for than holy companionship with him? What greater delight than to walk, day by day, in the gospel vineyard, where we find all those holy entertainments for our Christian thought, our heart-joy, our soul-growth in grace, of which I have just written? What a dishonor to our Master we would feel it to be! What an evidence to our own spirits of a very low grace-temperature did we feel that spiritual things were so dry and uninteresting that we had to go to the world and take lunch with the devil for a little recreation! He who eats with Satan must eat Satan food—this is grace-poison or poison to grace—he must drink sin-intoxicants who drinks with Satan—this is the rule of Satan's house. What a sight to see a poor erring Christian professor trying to get back home to his place in Christ's fold, staggering under the influence of sin-intoxicants, and loaded up with sin-garbage, as the result of his attendance at a sin-banquet given in honor of Satan by the world!

On last evening a week, Dr. Menhall preached on professing Christians taking part in worldly amusements, the dance, the theater, card-playing.

I never before heard such a sermon. I never heard professors who engage in these amusements so ridiculed, so roughly handled, so shown up, and so abused. And it was all right, too. Many arose and left the meeting. My heart-prayer all through the sermon was, "God help him; God help him; whatever of it is for me, Lord, help me to profit by it." Now, I am no theater-goer—never was; no dancer—never was; no card-player. Occasionally I used to go to the opera, thinking it was no harm, although I have not now been in ten years. Last winter I went to hear a band of minstrels in New York City. I saw, I heard nothing wrong there; but then I thought as I sat there, "Am I, as a Christian, in a proper place?" After that sermon, I said to my dear wife: "Never opera again—no more minstrels—I want to do nothing that will bring even the shadow of a reproach upon the cause of my blessed, dear Redeemer. I love him too much to do anything displeasing to him."





CHURCH BOSSES



HERE is a spirit which is threatening still greater evil, already having done much, in the American Protestant Church. It is "Bossism." Mr. Beecher often said: "One of the great evils which will come out of American liberty will spring from the fact that we have *too much* liberty." Years ago we would occasionally hear of some old ruling spirit, inflated with the idea of his supreme importance in the church and congregation, seeking to rule people, consistory and pastor. People stood aghast at his audacity, and quite wondered that the Lord did not intervene in some especial providence, roll him up into a round ball, set him rolling to the end of the earth, and thence into depths unknown.

At this day the rage for bossism has become so great, and the exercise of its imperiousness has so increased, that it is growing to be a really

alarming element in the Christian church. And the alarm puts the question: "Whereunto shall it lead?" From almost every direction come the reports: "We would get on very well, but for the bossism which is hindering our prosperity." But a few days ago I received a letter from one of the Lord's beloved whom I well know—really a man of God. Said he, "My heart is broken. An old Boss has dethroned our dear pastor—church all gone to quite nothing, and now they (he and a few with him) have set to lying about and scandalizing me and my dear wife. Matters took such a hostile shape against our entire innocence and our self-sacrificing work for Jesus, that I felt constrained to go to them and say that if they continued I would in a court of justice call upon them to prove all they have said against us, then indict them in the absence of such proof for defamation of character, which crime is punishable in the State in which we live with five years' imprisonment. Since that they have left us coldly alone."

You will probably read of the sudden death (in the *Intelligencer*) of a school companion, an intimate friend of mine, a truly godly man. He had just changed his pastorate. A rich old

“boss” in the former place made it so hot for him there that he left. He was a man of delicate organism, extremely nervous; one who has passed through deep seas of trial in his day. To what extent that boss’s action may indirectly have aided in helping on his sudden death, it may not be difficult to conjecture. As I now look from my window, a beautiful church edifice stands glowing in the bright sunlight, about one-half mile distant. Within the past year, the dear, good pastor, whom I most fondly loved for his tender, gentle, Christian spirit, was ousted by an “old boss,” church closed for many months, people divided and scattered. The Lord directed the good pastor by sending him at once to a charge twice as good. Now, I could go on relating case upon case of this character, at the bottom of which is “bossism,” in combination, of course, with diabolism. This bossism has its origin generally in money. The man gets a little more money than some of the other members in the congregation; becomes somewhat liberal in church matters with it. The people begin to respect him a little more than they do the poor devout. By and by they begin to adore him, make him elder or deacon, chairman of the most important church

committees—in fact, give him pretty much everything to direct in the church. And now he begins to feel his importance. He becomes imperious, dictatorial, self-conceited, arrogant, and assumes to drive the whole machinery of the church, pastor included. His position leads him to imagine that he is a person of large intellectuality, of more than ordinary importance in the Lord's estimation, and that nothing right can be done in the church without his sanction. And now comes the one-man power; and so the spiritual interests of the church are made to suffer. The humble, godly, devotional spirit of the meek of the congregation is too tame, too low, and too slow for his progressiveness, and the preaching of the pure gospel has not enough life and fire in it; so the domine is ignored and given to understand that he had better wind up his connection with that church. I know that this is *precisely* the way this bossism has worked in very many instances I could name. Nothing at this day is doing, and has a tendency to do, more harm to the prosperity of the church than this "fakirism" of which you have written, and this "bossism" of which I write. It seems to be showing its evil power in almost every church, and there is an

intense rivalry for its scepter. What is to be the outcome, who can tell? For those to gain rule and power in any church in the line of moneyed or other influence without the spirit of the gospel behind all as the impelling force—this is to quite certainly write upon the doors of that church in the not very distant future: “Dissatisfied, disintegrated membership—loss of spirituality—resignation of pastor—closed for the present”; and underneath the notice, “Bossism—Fakirism.”



I HAVE in my day felt the effects of bossism in our community and church; and I will carry the wounds many a day. Had it been world-hindrance, it was nothing more than could have been expected; but, to be hindered by those who profess to be helpers in good, how it cuts! On every side also I hear of those in the ministry laid more or less under the domination of bossism. Some old religious imbecile, as far as the true knowledge of Christ and the possession of his spirit are concerned, gets a foothold in the church, gets some influence, is dumb enough, and in his cranial and heart emptiness has brass enough—and the brass is generally the result and

the sign of the ignoramus—to try and run the church and the minister in his own interests; and, if he cannot do this, then split the congregation and oust the domine.



LET me here give you a sample of these old fault-finding croakers, one of whom came directly under my observation. He did much to help dethrone a good pastor and disintegrate the congregation. This man having called upon me to aid him in arranging some important business, I went to his house at the appointed hour. I had not been long with him ere he began to talk about church matters (he was very glib of tongue) and asked how matters went on in the church I attended. I told him, very well. He then said in words nearly as follows: “Well, I go to church, and when I come home I throw myself upon the sofa, and I groan, and say: ‘What spiritual good have I received to-day? None! None! Oh, how tired I am of this preaching!’ ” I said nothing, nor did he make any impression of opposition upon my mind against the good man of whom he spoke, for I had known that pastor for over twenty years; and during all the time had deeply esteemed him for his kindness of heart, his deep piety, and

very large religious knowledge. As I said nothing to encourage the complainer, the subject soon dropped. Some months after this I had business transactions with the provision-supply committee of a very large public charitable institution. In conversation with the chairman of the committee, I was told that they had had great trouble with the party who had contracted to supply the institution with provisions, because they had discovered that he was grossly deceiving them in false weight, and they had to discharge him; and behold, on learning the man's name, I found it was he who but a little before had told me that he came from church and threw himself down, saying, "What have I received of good?" etc., etc.



TO MR. DAVID LOW:

YOU write of Mr. Pratt's troubles. Alas, how natural it all seems to me, for I have not only heard but seen and experienced so much of this. To have a really good, humble man who will toil and pray for the building up of the church, and so become humbly influential in good doing, is a blessing to be coveted by any church; but to have those who from selfish and rule-

loving motives, dictate to the pastor as to how he should preach, is to meet with one of the greatest calamities that can befall a congregation. Truly converted, godly, humble men, however educated or influential or rich, seldom make such trouble! It generally comes from the ignorant who, having been brought at first into the church by reason of wealth or social influence, are led by self-conceit to think they are set to rule, and become dictators. Some of the best efforts in the church with which I am connected, efforts set on foot by the most godly men and women, efforts whose growing power for good promised the greatest results for the good of souls, for the glory of Christ, have been nipped in the bud by some overruling dictatorial boss in the fold. I know of several instances of young men, intimate acquaintances of mine, who began their pastorates with the earnest, hearty, consecrated heart-desire to do good, but who were soon ousted out of their pastorate by some ignorant but influential wealthy boss of the congregation, who had been inadvertently admitted into the peaceful sheepfold—but when once in had proved himself a tormenting, trouble-breeding and peace-destroying wolf.

I CANNOT but remember how, some years ago, I had my own heart pierced by my efforts in good being suddenly paralyzed by some prominent bosses in our community, or church rather—a set-back I then received, from which to this day I never have recovered. There had been church service on the Sabbath afternoon for a long time, its object being to give the Sabbath School scholars an opportunity to hear the gospel—an opportunity which on almost every Sabbath nearly every scholar in the school embraced. In the evening of the Sabbath a prayer-meeting was held. Several of the younger members of the church united in Christian effort to awaken and to keep up an interest in the meetings. Our efforts met with signal success. The Lord was with us. Our meetings were held in the Sunday School building of the church, a building capable of seating some three hundred persons. The large attendance upon the meetings so increased that the building was completely filled, and the doors of the infant department of the Sunday School had to be thrown open to accommodate the overflow. I was a frequent exhorter in the meetings, as well as many of the other young members and older ones who attended. There was evident

manifestation of the presence and power of the Spirit; many persons attending regularly who for years before had taken no interest in church or meeting—all this gave certain evidence of a coming revival. There was no excitement; everything had been conducted orderly and without demonstration. Suddenly one or two of the bosses came to the conclusion that it was not the province of laymen to exhort; that only trained ministers of the gospel should speak in Christian assemblages to the people. So they concluded that a great change was necessary to cut off the exhorters, old and young—and they made the change, the minister who had just come into our church uniting with them in it. I suppose that no revival was wanted unless it grew out of the regular canonical line of church direction under machinery-constituted authority. And what was the change? The Sabbath afternoon service in the church was suspended, and the God-blessed prayer-meeting was thrown entirely overboard—thrown over in the full tide of a prosperity which had never before been witnessed among us in this direction, nor ever since; not even an approximation to it.

Large numbers of those who had been led to attend the prayer-meeting left with sad hearts,

and have seldom ever been in the sanctuary since. My great heart-grief was not that I was cut off from praying and exhorting, but that such abundant means of grace, such deep interest manifested by such numbers of the impenitent in their regular attendance at those prayer-meetings, such evident approach of a blessed refreshing, such advantages granted to the children, were all ignored, discounted, thrown aside in the face of God and man to gratify the ruling of a few spiritless religious church imperialists. All this occurred many years ago, but the withering effect it had on my Christian zeal, and the great disappointment for Jesus' sake, for impenitent sinners' sake, for Zion's sake, have to this day followed me.



FOR such arrogance and ignorance there is no true Christian but must have the utmost contempt, and cannot but feel a righteous antagonism to such a rule; although it is better to endure much, often, than to bring trouble by stern opposition.

There is, however, a holy bossism under which I love to sit, and by which to be largely ruled. It is that of the man whose humble piety, whose

winning Christian character, united with large intelligence and prudence, is naturally, and by grace, constituted to bear the burdens, and take a leading part in a church's affairs, and does all because of his love for the Master, and with the humble unselfish desire to further the best interests of Zion. What a blessing to have such to look to and to follow! With such bossism my whole being is in full accord. But who desires to be ruled, or feels satisfied with the rule in his church of one who has little of the gentle spirit of Christ, and assumes rule because he loves to rule, and with the brazen boldness of ignorance and self-conceit, puts forth ignorance for knowledge, and seeks to make this the scepter of rule for pastor and people? I know the chafing effect this must have upon your Christian hearts. Still endure for a little, the Lord will soon take bossism in hand, and then it will soon become apparent *who is boss*.



A FRIEND with whom I correspond, but last month sent me an account of the work of bossism in his church. The good pastor had been driven out, is now in an insane asylum. The church became divided, and so strong was

the opposition that many of the parties of the two factions would not even speak to each other. What a blot upon the cause of our good Lord! What heart wounds, what discouragements for those who are toiling and praying for the up-building of the cause of our Redeemer! The friend who wrote me about the matter, said he thought he must withdraw from the church, and asked my advice. I of course advised him not to do so, but to walk humbly, meekly, prayerfully before the Lord, and the world.

These bosses would rather see the cause of Christ suffer in the eyes of the world, and wound the hearts of God's dear children, than relinquish their self-constituted claim to authority and rule. Well may it be said of such: "The ways of peace have they not known."

THE DOWNFALL OF THE BOSS

IN the overthrow of bossism in church or state, there is often a marked interposition of Providence; so marked as to lead especially the ignorant, the selfishly arrogant and overbearing, to tremble lest they become the subjects of Divine dealing. In a church in a neighboring city, an

old boss and his two sons gradually wormed themselves into ruling power. The father was a man of considerable influence and ability. His imperious rule went so far that the good pastor was hindered in his work ; discontent was rife throughout all the membership. In every direction the name of the boss was heard, and his influence felt. The church's power became weakened ; a serious disruption was imminent. But suddenly *boss* was taken sick, after a few weeks he died, and the Lord took him to himself. He was not a bad man, nor a wicked, but very meddlesome in church government, and evidently thought he was born to rule. After his departure, then had the church rest. The two sons, not having the mind nor influence of the father, were soon disposed of. Since that time to the present, for some seven years, the church has gone on prosperously. I know of all the matter, for my brother-in-law and two sisters-in-law are members of that church.



HOW it delighted me to hear of Mr. Pratt's success in getting into a good place ! It must have been quite a rebuke to the boss, unless his self-conceit was too large to feel or take re-

buke. I imagine that he thought when he got Mr. Pratt out, that was the end of Pratt forever and forever. This reminds me of a subscriber to a newspaper, who became offended at the editor, and at once sent word, "Stop my paper!" After a few weeks the subscriber walked around to see if the editor's office was not closed, and the paper discontinued, and the whole business broken up; but to his disappointment he found everything going on as prosperously as ever. His idea of his own importance and influence was so great that he imagined that his withdrawal of his subscription would wreck the whole concern. Well, a great explosion will soon be heard, and the shattered bubble will fly to the four winds and the boss will exist only in memory—a grotesque caricature of one-man church power; an imperious monstrosity chained to a huge pillar of self-conceit endeavoring to inflate a big gas-bag with the expansive lightness of ignorance. Such will be the end of the Boss.





CHURCH SPLITS AND THE QUARRELS OF CHRIS- TIAN



FROM the letter you wrote me soon after returning from General Synod, I gather that you did not go off in a rapture of unbounded delight and begin to "sit and sing yourself away to everlasting bliss," over the holy gathering. I wonder not that you felt very much disappointed and heart-sore after the high expectations you had formed of meeting with the "Sanhedrin."

I well remember how, when a few years ago I attended a very large Association of Sabbath School teachers, and those interested in Sabbath School work, that shortly after the opening of the meeting, something was said that provoked a discussion among some of the delegates. In a little time the fire of personal animosity was enkindled ;

and then began retorting volleys of angry looks, threatening gestures, name-callings and hard speeches, which spiritually sterilized the hearts of nearly all present and quite defeated the object of the meeting. The multitude went back to their homes with wounded hearts because of the injury such an exhibition had done the cause of their dear Lord. Many outsiders in derisive laughter sarcastically exclaimed: "Behold, how these Christians love one another!" But I shall never forget one thing in connection with this stormy assemblage, which made it a meeting of great spiritual profit to me, notwithstanding the heart-wounds I felt. It was the meek, gentle, loving, unperturbed spirit of one of the members against whom the most powerful invectives were directed. He did not retort—no harsh word fell from his lips. He stood among that frenzied gathering, a monument of the beauty and loveliness and power of the religion of Jesus, which none could but admire and love. It was a glory-triumph for Christ in that soul, which I know he could never fail to remember but with a joyous, thankful heart. The holy conduct of that brother has ever since I witnessed it stood before me as an example of instruction, of profit, and for holy

imitation in my Christian life; the conduct of the others as an illustration of littleness and of dwarfed spirituality.



BUT while you have these hindrances to gospel progress among you, we have church troubles here of quite as serious a character. They are church-splitting, and bossism. That the spirit of Christ is here wanting as well as in the doings of which you wrote is very evident. The splitting up of congregations has been going on here for years—generally in this way. A church is organized with a few members, and a Sunday School brought together. All goes on well and in apparent unity. By and by a church building is erected—things prosper. After a little, bossism creeps in—arrays one part of the congregation against the other—then a conflict as to who shall hold the fort—finally a split. One boss with his adherents stays in the old fort against sin (but which the spirit of strife has terribly riddled), and the world gathers around in happy mood, exclaiming: “Holes in professing Christians which make us dance for joy as we look through them.” The other boss leads his

tribe to some new hunting-ground, pitches his tent, builds his church, and in the spirit of selfish animosity to the old fort and its holders. puts up his sign—"The true temple of the Lord are we." The well-pleased world as it passes by cries out—"But not for me." The old church edifice was never half filled when all were together. The debt on the old church was never paid. It was by a terrible "force put" that even a starvation salary was raised for the pastor. And now comes the subdivision of poverty, each division undertaking to do what the two united could not do—a wondrous transgression of the laws of political and spiritual economy.

Of the general evil of this splitting work I have for many years been a witness in this vicinity. Where the division has become a necessity from the increase of population in a large congregation and the parting has been in a Christian spirit, all has gone well and the Lord's blessing went with both; but where the parting resulted from a spirit of strife, the outcome has in almost every instance I have witnessed ended in disaster of some kind, generally in spiritual disaster.

To ask the good Lord to bless and carry on a good work, as I have often heard these separatists

pray, was an insult to him, and results proved it. Some of these very churches in this vicinity, which I pass Sabbath after Sabbath on my way to worship, have but a name. A handful of worshipers—closed half of the time—no minister—no means, and that means a general periodical raid on the community at large for the “where-with.” From my very large correspondence I learn that this subdividing spirit prevails in many communities.



I AM exceedingly sorry for Jesus' sake, that such a disrupture should occur as that you write of in your letter. It speaks so sadly for the truth of the holy religion of our Lord. Satan will lose no opportunity to make out of it all the capital he can, for opposing the truth, and leading the world to glory in its increased hostility to the cross of our Lord. What fools often, those who wish to be thought wise, discreet, upright in Christian conversation and action, will make of themselves, because of their idiotic stubbornness in some little trivial matter, which in the calm exchange of a few words of sense and mildness, might at once be adjusted. And especially what a holy show (as our Pat says) do professing

Christians make when they war among themselves!

So long as the mule-will of any professor will not let him yield for Jesus' sake, to take what to him may be even a cross, such a professor is still in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity."

QUARRELS AMONG CHRISTIANS

DOES not the inharmoniousness often of those who profess Christ, give the lie to the assertion that "religious ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace"? We cannot make the world lenient in its judgment and say: "Well there is a true religion, but these hostile brethren have it not." Oh, no! the world passes one sweeping condemnation on the whole matter, accepts no excuses, makes no concessions, modifies no judgment; it says as it sees professors antagonistic to each other: "Religion is false; I do not want it." Oh, how careful should the child of the Saviour be, not to thus wound him!

Should he not rather suffer himself to be defrauded, to be deceived; not rather yield up his own will for the love, for the honor of Christ? There is a right course which every Christian

should take in perplexities, in trials—namely: to sit humbly at the foot of the cross, and learn of Jesus.

And shall they be blameless for all this in the day of final account? Shall they hear the welcome of Jesus, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant?”

STAY IN THE CHURCH !

YOU inquired of me as to what course you should take in your connection with the church. I hope you have taken the course to stick quietly at your Christian work, and to do all you can for the advancement of the Saviour’s cause. I hope you stand independent, not adhering to either party, so that you, as a Christian, may be instrumental in aiding a reconciliation. It must be quite a cross, I know, to have to do with those who perverted truth to accomplish their object. But for this reason you should not withdraw from the church, especially in your position as superintendent of the mission school. I have often been terribly wounded by the inconsistencies of professors, and by falsehoods regarding myself; but I have gone quietly on my way, hiding my deep wounds in silence, and appealing to my dear

Lord for help; and so the wound was healed and forgotten. We are all poor erring creatures—none are perfect. We are not called to make a poor weak mortal our example; no, the Holy Saviour is our blessed exemplar; so follow him. If you withdraw from the church because of these deceivers, you do injury to Jesus' cause, and only help feed the flame of strife. Your withdrawal will not be a rebuke to those persons. Stick to the church—walk in very close communion with the dear Saviour—continually appeal to the Lord for guidance.





DENOMINATIONAL “LAPPING”



WAS greatly pleased with your article I saw lately in the *Intelligencer* on “Fakirism.” It was a straightforward eye-opening article for us here in the East to be sure we are on the right track in knowing where and to whom we send our charities, and how they are to be used.

The very boldness and impudence of this Fakirism, as you call it, is the certain evidence of its entire lack of the humble, brotherly, Christlike spirit. It bears upon its face a zeal without knowledge. Of such a zeal any denomination ought to be ashamed, and denounce it in the highest opposing terms with most prompt action. It is bigotry, it is the spirit of enmity to the true import of the gospel. It is a prolific decoction to produce spiritual drought and death wherever it

goes, a decoction of “diabolus, mundus et carnis.” That it is all this is very apparent from the sad results following, as you have set forth. It is a course of action which shows that the professedly Christian zealot hangs his faith and salvation more on denominationalism than on the atonement of Christ.





THE SABBATH, THE CHURCH AND LABOR



YOU write about your summary manner of dealing with Sabbath-breakers. I am glad that you are thus bold for the Master. I know he will sustain you. I wish your spirit was in the multitudes of professing Christians in this part of the land. In and about our large cities the Sabbath is becoming less and less revered by both worldly men and professors of religion. That the impenitent and worldly do not care much about the holy day, is of course not very strange; but that those who profess to be the Lord's should care little about their conduct and doings in the way of siding with the world, is sad indeed.

Professing Christians here, many I know of, take the secular Sunday papers, and spend a large

portion of the day reading them ; have the butcher coming to their door on Sunday morning ; have the ice-cream wagons from the caterer's deliver Sunday cream at their houses ; take Sunday afternoon rides in our parks ; all entirely careless, it seems, about their Christian example. And they call it independence of character !

In short, there is a great irreverence for the dear Sabbath among many whose professed regard for holy things ought to make them hide their faces in shame at their sin. The great error with many professors is, that in the matter of holy example they have the vaguest, loosest notions ; they seem to think that they are not called upon to exemplify by a holy, careful life of self-denial and godly living the glory, the reality, and the attractiveness of the blessed religion of Jesus. Of course I do not include all of our brethren in this class, on the contrary we have, as you have among you, many "whose delight is in the law of the Lord."



ONE Sabbath evening last summer I had a great contest with my market-man who wanted to leave with his load for market at nine o'clock Sabbath evening. I was determined he

should not go, and he threatened to leave me. I told him to leave. I also told him that one of my Christian neighbors never would have his wagons start till after twelve o'clock midnight, on Sabbath evenings. My man left after twelve; but when he returned he was overjoyed as he told me: "You wanted to make your Christian neighbor an example of Sabbath keeping, but when I arrived at the market, I found that he had sent in his wagons at nine o'clock Sabbath evening, and was all unloaded *before* twelve o'clock." I was deeply wounded, but what could I say? Oh, what injury professors often bring by their deeds upon the name and cause of Jesus!



AND furthermore, I know that those who strictly observe the Lord's day will be blest; and I know that those who think they cannot afford to give the dear Saviour his day, but employ it in the furtherance of their secular interests will quite certainly come to grief. I had a foreman who worked several years for me. He told me that at one time he was quite well off, and prospered in his business. Increasing prosperity led him to work in his business on the

Lord's day. He told me that soon after this the business began to fail, and it was but a little time when he lost all his custom, had to give up, and seek daily employment. His firm conviction expressed to me was that his attention to business on the Sabbath was the means or the cause of his utter failure.



IN the conversion of another is this testimony:
In my bold desecration of the Sabbath-day the Lord visited me in the very act of my transgression with such a providential disaster that I could not but hear, to my own soul-terror and deep conviction, his voice loudly warning me of my sin: "Poor sinner, but for thy desecration of my holy day this calamity would not have come upon thee. Wilt thou forsake thy sins?" With all my heart I thank him for that visitation whereby I was led humbly to acknowledge him, to repent of my sin, and to love and serve my Saviour who is now to me, and ever shall be, "The one altogether lovely; the chiefest among ten thousand."



SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS



FEW words about Sunday papers—I mean Sunday secular papers; and some of the professedly religious Sunday papers are fast becoming so secular, that they may be included in the same class. It is quite as dangerous to read them. Those who have not very strong religious convictions and sentiments in regard to Sabbath reading, will soon find themselves reading the advertisements and secularities of the professedly religious paper they took up because it contained religious reading.

And so as Satan gets into world under the shadow of the religious; he also gets into the religious under the shadow of the world. He leads the secular editor to put one or two little religious articles in his Sunday edition; for surely no professing Christian can object to reading the secular Sunday paper which has a religious article in

it. The whole thing is only a blind to shove out the Sunday newspaper, and under the guise of a little religious article to lead easily duped Christian professors to take and read all the secular contents; and furnishing professedly worldly men with two fine excuses for reading it; first—the paper has a religious article in it; and second—many professing Christians read it. Thus the holy Sabbath day is lost to those who thus pass it and Satan gains a point, while he comes as an “angel of light.”



I NOTICED, not long ago, a prominent church member in our Flatbush Dutch Church go regularly to the news stand before entering the church, to get the Sunday secular paper. He is a man of considerable intelligence. I anxiously watched him. He, with his wife and two bright children, were at first strict attendants at the church; but after awhile they began to fall off, and now they do not come at all. I believe his dear children do not attend Sabbath School and where they have now got to, I do not know. Their last trial was the Baptist church in our place. I verily believe it was the reading of sec-

ular Sunday papers which first twisted his head and heart.

Now everything is at fault with him, nothing right in church or minister, everything and everybody wrong but himself.

I had two neighbors, professing Christians; both secular Sunday newspaper readers, Sunday visitors—did not care in general much what they did upon the Sabbath. Both were praying men; I mean, they took part in public prayer. We had in operation a prosperous district prayer-meeting. The first to throw a cloud over the meetings were these two men, and how, you may ask, did they do this? They gradually left the meeting to attend to their worldly business. At length when the meeting was held at their own houses, they were absent, and so gradually the meetings died out until only one attendant was left, and so they were discontinued. What injury often the careless example of professing Christians does to the church—and especially what harm to younger Christians!





RUM, LEGISLATION AND CHRISTIANITY

DRINK is becoming the hot curse of our dear land. I would rather be an optimist, but I must confess, when I look at the rum evil, I am a pessimist, and for a while, a blue one. The evil about you is not so bad as in many other places; not so bad perhaps as in my own place, where for five thousand inhabitants there are seventy-four saloons. I get great comfort however in the holy promise-text: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."



OH, what a terrible curse is liquor, what an evil boiling up from the very depths of the pit itself! What noble young men have I seen go down under its dark waves, never again to rise

—what numbers in the vigor of manhood slain—what numbers I know, and see daily on the downward road! What desolated homes, what broken-hearted wives, husbands, parents, brothers and sisters!—all made so from rum. Only yesterday the sad news was told me of the insanity of a dear friend, a noble young lady in our place. Her husband through many years of dissipation broke her poor heart. He died a drunkard not long since; his death, I believe, has been the cause of her madness. I saw an aged minister not long ago come into one of our city courts, and there before a court-room full of people, plead with the judge that he would direct him how to deal with his drunken son. Another young man of our place not long since fell from the street-car intoxicated; the wheel passed over him, and he lived only a short time. A dear, beautiful young lady, a relative of mine, died not long since of a broken heart, caused by the death of her father, who spent his large fortune in drink and left her not a penny for support. I have an uncle and three of his sons with him in drunkards' graves, and I expect to hear of the death of the fourth son at any time from the same cause. In the face of all this misery, poverty, shame,

crime and degradation, the laws of our state legislate the privilege of selling liquor; and unprincipled, hard-hearted, soul-destroying, God-hating men avail themselves, for the sake of gain, of the law's unjust license to sell to men, and to manufacture that which they know is ruining souls and bodies—and sending tornadoes of perdition-fire through all our community.



I REMEMBER the long argument I once had with an intelligent man who had gone far on the road to the drunkard's grave. I argued the evil to body, soul, family, companions, community. He admitted as true all I said, but made me no promise of reform. After many weeks I again saw him; he was perfectly sober, a different looking man. He seemed very glad to meet me, and said: "Since your conversation with me about drinking, I have abandoned it entirely; have not touched liquor since you last saw me. I am already a better man, morally, physically, financially, and socially. Rum is the devil's stimulant in the soul which leads to the basest thought, the foulest language and the most offensive deeds; it disintegrates the body functions, and if

its use is persevered in, it will most certainly land its victim in the grave, it will make and keep its devotee dog-poor. Before the drunkard stand rags, the alms-house, the potter's field; it will make one an outcast from society; not even the society of beggars will tolerate the drunkard. I have given it up forever. I hope the Lord will keep me." This man soon left a good position in order to escape the evil, the temptation which, in that position, continually faced him. The last I heard of him he was still adhering to his principles.



I AM right glad to hear of the triumph of the temperance cause among you and in other places near you. If there is any evil in the world which bears more truly and openly upon its very face the devil's black seal, I should like to know it. Of course you see much and hear more of this curse; but nothing compared to what I see and hear of it here, living about one and one-half miles from the city of Brooklyn with its 800,000 inhabitants; and about four and one-half miles from New York City, with its 1,200,000. Here are men who stand ostensibly very high in the community, but with a character

blackened by rum-selling; large brewers whose wealth gotten by their business is without limit. I just now think of one who a few years ago at a birthday celebration of himself, laid under the plate of each one of his eight children a check for \$50,000. Another has risen from the lowest walks of life to untold affluence by his brewery.

Such manufacture the poison by the wholesale, and then send it down to the saloons in every direction, which deal it out to the poor to keep them in poverty, to induce them to commit crime, and to lead them above all to neglect the best interests of their souls for time and eternity. What death dealers, what traffickers in human misery, vice and ruin! I envy none of these rich dealers their gains. I would not take their place for all they are worth. I would not engage in their hellish traffic for all they could give me.



I REJOICE and thank God, to hear that the last liquor saloon has been closed in your county. May the first one never again be opened. I learn from a temperance paper I take, that the good cause is rapidly gaining ground in many parts of our land. I wish I could say every saloon

was closed in *our* county! I pray that your example and that of many others prove of such practical benefit that the tide sweep with irresistible force over our entire land.



IT was a source of great rejoicing and comfort to me, to learn of the great triumph of the temperance cause among you. I wish it could thus triumph here. The untold evil it is doing here, the sin, the misery, the crime, the poverty it is causing, no one can imagine.

What a mean, low, sneaking, deceptive business is the liquor business! Mean, low, black, not only in the seller, but in the manufacturer also. I have many sins to answer for, and have done many evil things, but, thank the Lord, I am no liquor manufacturer, no liquor-seller, no liquor-drinker. How any common-sensed, right-minded Christian man can advocate this black cause of the devil I know not—yet I do know of men who pretend to be common-sensed, right-minded, and Christian, advocating the cause, and giving their time, energy and means to its unholy advancement. But notwithstanding the liquor-manufacturers' and the liquor-sellers' bold protestation

of a non-accusing conscience in their unlawful trade, I yet believe they are under the continual ban of self-condemnation. I was a short time ago quite interested in the lengthy obituary of a very prominent man who died in the city of Brooklyn; he was worth some two millions of dollars. The most of this large fortune he made some years ago by the wholesale manufacture of whisky. His income was for a long time over a thousand dollars a day—this he himself told a friend of mine. While his merits were praised, and his church relations, and charity, and official positions were all carefully alluded to in the notice of his death, not one word was printed about his liquor business, and how he obtained his great wealth. Why was this withheld? Alas, his friends, his family, did not want his name or character connected with the liquor trade. It was too degrading, too condemning, too blackening, and too odious a stigma upon what they wished to be considered a noble, upright, holy, commanding character. The liquor element throws a dark pall of condemnation over the fairest-seeming life.

TEMPERANCE truth taught in the Sabbath School ought to go hand in hand with gospel truth. We cannot expect much from the old soaked drunkards, even though they may reform, a rum-blunted intellect, a rum-disintegrated physique, a rum-weakened will, a rum-hardened conscience—all even in the very face of reform, leave but little for that reform to work upon and develop. But when we take early hold of the young, early educate them to hate, to antagonize the evil, what of good, of power, of moral victory may we not expect from such? Therefore we turn to these.



IN your letter you write about the triumph of the temperance cause in your own county and adjoining counties. A glorious triumph indeed! My heart was cheered in reading about it. I do hope and pray that the work has continued to prosper and that to-day other of your adjoining counties are in the blessed ranks with you. Next to the spread of the holy religion of our Saviour over these counties, I can conceive of no greater blessing to their inhabitants than the spread of the temperance cause.



THE time is nearing when any advocacy at all of liquor by a professing Christian will not only raise a strong doubt as to his genuine conversion, but will make him liable to church discipline. Indeed, I believe that soon, one important demand for admission to the Lord's Table will be the abstaining from intoxicating drink, and the promise neither to sell nor in any way directly or indirectly to advocate its use. May the church of Jesus be stirred to its very heart in this great matter; and let our prayers to this end daily go up to our Lord.





THE EARLY TRAINING OF CHILDREN

THE older I grow, the more deeply and seriously impressed do I become with the fact of the great necessity for the early religious education of the young. And this impression is the result of my own personal experience in my own individual case, and in the cases of multitudes who from infancy to manhood and womanhood have in the families I have known, in the Sabbath School, in the church, in the community, passed before me. With a heart naturally full of sin, and with an host of besetting sins continually knocking at my soul's door for admission, I can have no conception of the extent in sin and rebellion against my Lord to which I must inevitably have been driven, but for the early religious education, and holy impressions made by the Spirit, through the faith-

ful teachings of my beloved mother. No mother could have been more persevering in her efforts and in her prayers, to instruct me in the truths of our holy religion. These truths were put before my mind in advance of every other truth. Before I could read, she had taught me by persevering repetition (for I was slow to learn) many most beautiful hymns. Early did they become the song-delight of my little heart, and although scores of years have passed over my head, they are flowing as freshly to-day as ever in sweet heavenly rapture-song through all my soul.



TO instruct me in holy things was a consideration paramount to every other on my mother's part. She suffered not herself to be tempted and led astray by the fatal delusion which has been the wreck of so many youths, and the gray-haired sorrow of so many a foolish parent: that too strict attention to the religious education of a child to the exclusion of secular knowledge, would tend to make the young mind morose and the child awkward among its companions; an exile, even, from the social circle. To avoid all this, what multitudes of professedly

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Christian parents have ignored the religious for the secular training of their loved ones! and under the tempting delusion that when their beloved became of riper years, and were educated, and, one might add, when their young hearts and minds were wholly carried away with worldly vanity, that then they, both parents and children, would give serious attention to religion.

But oh! how fatal the delusion! I have lived long enough to see an overwhelming majority of those whose parents instructed them early in holy things, grow up godly men and women in our midst. On the other hand, what numbers I see whose parents and grandparents I knew, and remember for their utter indifference to the Word, to the church of God. They and their children were and are the enemies of the Cross of Christ. These parents are in many instances persons of social influence. They think the world of their children, spare no effort, no money, to educate and train them for the world, for society; but alas, neglect the all-important matter—their early soul-education in the Word of Life. And so the evil runs often in genealogical line for generations, verifying the truth of the blessed Word, “visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the

children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," and visiting the piety of the fathers upon their children unto the eternal generations of those who love him and keep his commandments. How far-reaching the holy life of the good; how far-reaching the evil life of the wicked! To what generations of holy descendants has the devout, godly life of some grandsire transmitted itself! To what generations of fiendish diabolism has the wicked life of a forefather sent down its evil tide! To what a great extent are we our brothers' keepers, and especially our children's keepers!



AS an instance of the benefits of early religious training, I would speak of an incident in my own youth. Although I was quite as wild as the generality of children, yet the holy teachings of my dear mother very early in life made deep impressions upon my heart. She did not then see the effect of those teachings, but I nevertheless felt them; their power increased in my soul; strengthened my love for the good, and hatred to the evil. At length came the test. I now see what by the grace of God my mother's teachings did for me. I must have been about

thirteen or fourteen years old. In rummaging about a very dark portion of our garret, I found a beautiful rule. It lay upon a beam which supported a portion of the roof. It had evidently been left there by one of the carpenters when the house was built, some sixty-five years before. At the time I found it a carpenter was working in my father's barn. I hastened to show him my prize. After looking at the rule he went to his coat, took out of the pocket a book, and placing it in my hand, said, "There, I will give you that book for the rule." I took the book, and on opening it, I saw it was one of the vilest which could possibly be placed in the hands of any person. At once the thought came to me: "What would my mother say if she saw such a book in my hand?" I indignantly handed the volume back to the wicked man, saying, "No, I will not do it—I will keep my rule." How apparent in this case the benefit of early religious tutelage! But for the truth-seeds of the Word early sown by dear mother, how easily would I have fallen a prey to the evil one at the hands of one of his vilest minions!



IN the case of a companion of my early days (a man of large intellectual ability and judge in one of our County Courts, but who had not professed Christ), as he was suddenly prostrated by disease and died in a few hours, he said, when spoken to about his soul: "Oh, I know all the truths of God's word; I fully believe in them; my mother taught them to me early in life." Long had the seed-truths sown by his faithful mother lain in his heart. That mother I well knew. She was one of the most godly women I have ever met. Long ago she went to her heaven home.





THE SABBATH SCHOOL



BELIEVE that wherever this institution is established, its benefits of a double character are almost immediately felt—felt in the children, felt in the parents. The seeds of holiness sown in the hearts of the dear children, will early, in some way, produce holy fruit. There is on record the conversion of multitudes of parents through the instrumentality of their children having been religiously taught in the Sabbath School.



I **SUPPOSE** next to the church, the Sabbath School is the grand center of attraction among your people. Short indeed will be the spiritual life of that church which makes not the most ample provision for the religious education of its youth in the Sabbath School! Dark and dangerous is the future outlook for any church or com-

munity in which the religious education of the young is carelessly regarded.

Those hordes now peopling many portions of our great West, being importations from foreign countries, have brought with them such loose notions regarding personal piety, Sabbath sanctity, church love, Bible orthodoxy, that little can be accomplished often among these in prevailing upon them to forsake the old beaten tracks of their ancestors; and so, under God, the chief hope must rest with their children.



YOU write of the numbers gathered in the Sabbath School. Blessed work; wise, those engaged in it. Here is the foundation for the future prosperity of the mission; here the strong hand of the Lord which shall eventually seize upon and hold the community for Christ. As the children are instructed in the truth, grow up in that instruction, come into the church, how far more efficient will their Sabbath School knowledge of truth make them in church work than those who never had the benefits of such teaching.



A DEAR scholar whom I taught more than thirty years ago has recently united with our church and will make a useful and godly man in the community. I know many in our place who left the Sabbath School unconverted, but are now in the ranks of Jesus laboring for him. The holy instructions early sown in their souls came back to them with power and they turned to the Lord.



WHAT fruit of your labor in the Sabbath School are you already seeing! How many of those, already grown to manhood and womanhood who once were scholars in your school, are now Christians! How many of the dear children, now scholars, are professing Christians! How many have recently felt the blessed change! And so recently one sweet soul taken to the Saviour's bosom! Is there not great comfort and encouragement in all this for your heart? Even before you reach the heavenly fields and walk the golden streets, has the dear Lord permitted you to rejoice in seeing many, through your instrumentality, led to the cross. Your labor in the Lord has not been in vain. The Master will not

suffer to go unrewarded the least thing done for him. He may apparently long delay the blessing, but it will come; and you will see it, will feel it, and will rejoice in it.



ANOTHER great blessing, as I gather from your letter, is that many have been converted, and gone to unite with different churches. This is something far more encouraging than increase in numbers. To see those who have been taught in the Sabbath School publicly declare for Jesus, is the sure evidence to the faithful teacher that the Lord has owned his labors. And what should stimulate a teacher to greater zeal, what make his heart more thankful, and his soul more humble, than this?

MUSIC IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

IT should be the endeavor of every church to gather into the Sabbath School every child in the congregation able to attend.

To induce this attendance we have found singing to be the grand means of entertaining, interesting and instructing our scholars. About the entertaining I need say nothing, for we know

that if anything will please and cheer the young it is music. As regards the instruction by means of hymns and music, I can conceive of no better way for bringing before the heart and mind the blessed truths—yes, the great fundamental truths and doctrines of the Word, than by having them in hymn form, and these hymns set to sweet music. Is it not as fitting to teach holy truth in song as in lesson? And as far as the impression is concerned, for me the holy hymn-song has the decided preference.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL THE STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH

IN organizing a church and Sabbath School, it is often up-hill work for a long time—and especially with the Sabbath School; for the scholars, even though converted when young, must grow up before they become of very extended use in the church; but as they are gathered in from the Sabbath School from time to time, the strength of the church is greatly increased, and the prospect of its prosperity is made more and more certain. From those who come in late in life, and who perhaps never had Sabbath School

training, there cannot reasonably be expected so much as from those who have had a thorough indoctrination in the truths of the Word *in* the Sabbath School. From a well-taught Sabbath School of thirty-five to forty scholars, what may not be expected in a very few years for the mission? More than half of these before twenty years will likely become Christians.



I QUITE long to hear from your Sabbath School. I suppose it has greatly increased in numbers during the past year, and that many of the dear scholars have, from this nursery of the church, been already planted into the garden, the church of the Lord. If they are neglected, the future of the church is written—failure. If cared for and instructed in our holy religion, the result is certain—success.

A dear Christian friend, in Sabbath School work in Mississippi, wrote me a few days ago the following. (I quote his own words.) “God prospers us in our work, with our many children in the Sunday School. All of our young people in this community belong to the church; brought to the Saviour in their childhood days by the aid

of the Sabbath School. The school has been organized about nineteen years.”



GOD'S truth, like a good healthy seed, has in it the principle of divine and eternal life. When this seed is cast into good soil, its life-germ soon feels the influence of the surrounding elements. The young heart is the best of soil, and when impressed with holy truth, rarely fails at some future time in life to bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

So teach the young. Sow the seeds of divine truth in their hearts. The Lord will watch over the seed—it is his own, and sooner or later it will spring up for fruitage to the glory of his holy name. We may not see the results; but let us labor in faith, leaving results to our Heavenly Father. May you be greatly blest in your good work.





LEARNING THE CATE- CHISM

DEAR BROTHER HENRY:



ACCORDING to my promise, I send you two packets of religious tracts; and also one Brown's catechism. I want you to study the catechism by heart; and when you send me word that the whole of it has been committed to memory, and you can answer any question in it, I will send you a good book as a present. I do believe if you get all the holy truth contained in this little catechism in your heart and mind, you will know a great deal more of the Bible than multitudes who profess to know much about it but who never studied this book. I would not for anything part with my knowledge of the catechism which my mother taught me.

What is the catechism? It is in condensed

form the great leading doctrines of the Word of God, not only for the use and instruction of children and Sunday School scholars, but for older persons; indeed for all who have not in early life studied it. I call the catechism the key to the study of God's Word—the grammar of the Bible. No one can ever make me believe that the study of the catechism is not a wondrous help in explaining and teaching Bible truth. If you will learn this little book by heart, you will find that I am right.



TO early instruct the young in these great soul-saving, soul-enlightening truths of the dear Word, will, I believe, result in almost every instance in leading them early to the Saviour. Such seed of life will not long lie dormant and unproductive. God's power, God's energy, is in this truth, and it will stir the soul into which it is cast, to ask after the Lord, to seek him; and it will result in finding him.

I know, too, that converts who studied the catechism will make far more bright, intelligent, and energetic Christians than those who are ignorant of it. To be an intelligent Christian, to be enabled to give a reason for the hope that is in

us, is what every Christian should aim at; and this is what the inquiring world now demands; the knowledge of the catechism will greatly aid in the supply of this want.



BUT a short time ago a very learned and eminent Christian lawyer told me how he was once set upon by a Romish priest, and assailed as being a Protestant. My friend drew all his argument from his knowledge of the Heidelberg catechism, and in the end, so overcame the bold Romanist that he confessed his error, gave the hand of fellowship to my Christian brother, and urged him to call upon him and spend some time with him in Christian conversation. But for my friend's knowledge of the word of life, and of the great foundation truths of the gospel as drawn from his large acquaintance with the above named catechism, he would have been compelled to yield the victory to the Romanist. On another occasion my friend told me that had it not been for his knowledge of the catechism, he would have been compelled to give up another religious contest he had with a skeptical man of very large learning. He met and silenced all his arguments with those

Scripture truths and doctrines drawn from the living word as set forth in the catechism.



THERE is much ignoring of the catechism at this day. Mr. Beecher did much to urge in laying it aside. I wish while he lived he had studied it very carefully, even the little Brown's catechism, to say nothing of the Heidelberg. He would have been more of a gospel preacher, and benefited his hearers more, spiritually; and it would have been an easier matter to know where to find him in theology.



I HAVE one dear school (whites) in Lauderdale County, Mississippi, to whom I have for many years sent the Child's Papers, and to the pastor the Messengers. A little over a year ago I sent to this school Brown's Shorter Catechism—a most blessed and comprehensive summary of Bible doctrinal truth—with the promise that if any of the children would learn every answer perfectly in the book, I would make each of them a present. About ten days ago, the pastor returned two names, and three days ago four more, with a

request for more catechisms. The first two girls have already received their books. The pastor writes me: "Two such happy girls you never saw." The books to the others will go shortly.



NOTHING whatever would I indorse in any catechism which would not stand the direct test of Scripture proof. So then, when I study a catechism drawn from the Bible, I am studying the Bible itself.



HAD I my way I would make one single class of our Sabbath School, and first of all, have teachers and scholars commit to heart thoroughly Brown's Shorter Catechism, then our old Heidelberg or the Westminster, and every Sabbath till these catechisms were committed have interspersed Bible reading. Then would I feel and know, that teachers and scholars had something to build on in advancing them to the higher grades of Scripture lessons. And I'll warrant that the results of such primary instruction in theology would not fail in early manifesting themselves in many conversions, and in a deep understanding of the Truth, and in great efficiency

rendered in the service of Christ on the part of those converted.



SO deeply impressed were our good Christian forefathers with the necessity of a knowledge of the catechism that they almost doubted the genuine conversion of those who had never studied it. This certainly was too extreme, too strict; however, I believe with them that the converts who had a knowledge of the catechism made, and will make, the brightest, most intelligent and most useful Christians.

When this requirement shall become an acknowledged essential to youthful Christian education, then will we see stalwart Christians on every side. Then will the cause of the gospel be advanced to an infinitely higher standpoint and so the glory of the Lord set forth by a more united Christian zeal, and a more intelligent Christian brotherhood. Then will professors of Christianity be enabled to give a far more convincing evidence and a far stronger internal evidence of the hope that is in them.



LETTERS TO THE YOUNG

TO ALFRED BACKUS,¹ ONEIDA MILLS, NEW YORK.

DEAR ALFRED:

YOU can hardly think of my great joy, when your dear father wrote to me that you had learned the catechism perfectly, and were now looking for a prize for your study of this little book. And so now, in sending you the dear precious Bible, it gives me joy to send it, for three very good reasons: First, I promised it; second, you have earned it by committing the catechism to memory; third, a Bible was your choice. I love the blessed Bible, and for me to think that you desired me to send you what I most loved, and to send you what you most loved, filled my heart with joy. I do wish that every little boy when

¹ Now Rev. A. H. Backus, of La Grange, Indiana.

asked what book he would most like to have, would say, as you have said, "I want a Bible."

I was also wonderfully rejoiced to hear that you had given your heart to the dear Saviour—taken him as your loving Friend—your Companion for life. You could have done nothing better than this. To ever have our Jesus with us in our hearts will prove to be to us a continued joy-feast, a continued heaven-light shining in upon our souls, pointing us through life to duty, to usefulness, to heaven. I hope the good Lord will put in your heart the earnest, longing, prayerful desire to study and preach his holy gospel. To preach this gospel is the highest greatness to which one can arrive on earth. To that blessed work I trust you will give yourself while youth is still bright. The good Shepherd rejoices with great joy over the lambs who follow closely in his footsteps.

To the dear Saviour, who I know is heart-full with affection for the young who in early life give themselves to him, I commend you; and pray that he may ever be most precious to you, and bring you at last to his bright, glorious, peaceful song-home in heaven.



TO MISS JOBU TANAKA, FERRIS SEMINARY, YOKO-
HAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN GIRL:

YOU can hardly think how pleased I was to receive your very kind letter, so well and plainly written. It shows by the writing and composition how carefully your kind teachers must have instructed you. To thus kindly teach you is to me great evidence of their interest in you, and love for you; and shows above all, how they love your undying soul, and the dear Saviour for whose love to their own souls, and from their heart-love to him, they have left home and friends and this beautiful land, to tell the dear girls in Japan, and all the people, the precious story of the Cross.

I know that you, and all the dear girls taught in the seminary, as you grow up Christians and go forth among your people, will hold up in your holy lives the shining lamp of Jesus' Word, that all who see may admire it, may love to sit in its glory, and ask to feel its power and pardon and saving grace in their own hearts.

I am really glad that you have such kind, pleasant schoolmates—such a nice room—such good

teachers. I know you thank the kind Lord for it all; for it is all his gift in answer to the prayers and labors of his Christian servants. How happy I feel that the little money I sent is doing you good. How I thank my heavenly Father that he gave me the money, and then allowed me the privilege of giving it to the Ferris Seminary. I thank the dear Saviour that Jobu is enjoying the benefits of my gift; and I am glad through all my soul that I have a dear Christian girl in Japan to pray for, and one to pray for me.

Yours in Christ,

P. I. NEEFUS.



TO CLARK V. WILLIAMS, NEW LONDON, N. Y.

MY DEAR BOY:

YOU can hardly think how pleased I was to hear that you had perfectly committed the little catechism to memory. Yes—got it all in your mind, and I hope in your heart, too. If it is in your mind only I know it will prove a great good to you, for you will understand more than you ever did before of God, of the Bible, of yourself as a sinner with a soul that can never die; and understand something about how the

dear Saviour, the Son of God, came to this earth and died to save poor sinners, such as I and you and all are, from eternal punishment.

But a great deal better than only to understand something of these great truths, is to believe in them, and feel their power in your heart. No knowledge of Christ as a Saviour will do us any good for the saving of our souls, unless we feel that he is *our* Saviour—dwells in *our* hearts—and we love him to stay there, and would feel it a bitter disappointment, a very sore, sad bereavement, if he departed from us. Now if the dear Jesus is not already in your young heart, I do believe you want him there, and are asking him daily to come to you. I know this, because you want others to pray for you, because you feel that you would like to be baptized and to live a useful Christian life.



TO MISS EMILY SWENSEN.

DEAR EMILY:

I HAVE frequently heard of you since you left this place, but not until a short time ago did I succeed in obtaining your address.

Often do I think of the profitable, happy hours

we spent in the dear Sabbath School in holy conversation about our beloved Saviour, about our soul's highest interests. Earthly interests are important, and we cannot pass through earth without being compelled to experience them and to take part in them, for they are, as it were, part of our earthly existence. But when we come to the consideration of our spiritual interests which connect us with eternity, and call us to the deep consideration of the great question: What is to be our eternity? then the earthly, compared therewith, becomes of little moment.

If the dear service of Christ meant the taking away of every lawful joy, peace, comfort, and left his servant entirely destitute, forsaken, cast off and cast out, an exile in the earth, and called to endure the worst, it were better far to endure all this than to lose heaven. But the service of our Lord is not the taking away of joy, but the holy abounding in it; not taking away peace of soul, but giving a holy peace that passeth all knowledge; not the depriving of comfort, but the bestowal of a soul full of it. It means not destitution, forsaking, but plenty and friendship; not cast off and cast out, but taken in and cared for; not an exile, but one at home and protected

in the Father's house; not one called to endure the worst, but to possess and enjoy the best. Thus with Jesus in his soul, his beloved are even here on earth permitted to so enjoy his presence and companionship, that there may come to them blessed foretastes of that which is to be revealed to them hereafter, when they shall have passed up into their glory home. There is indeed much of *sight* for the Lord's beloved here below, faith with much of the reality of what is to be to stimulate faith, hope intermingled with much of fulfilled hope to encourage a stronger hope, holy longing for heavenly blessedness with an oft realization of something of that bliss in order to increase the longing.



DEAR ALFRED:

YOU cannot imagine how delighted I was to receive your picture. I could not cease looking at you for a long time, and since its first reception to the present time, again and again have I taken it up to study your good face. And now I suppose you would like to know what my study of your likeness has been about? Three thoughts were prominent in my mind when I took the first

look at you: First—this is the noble boy who committed to memory the shorter catechism I sent him. In connection with this knowledge of holy truth, I well know how his mind must be enlightened and his heart benefited. No greater mind-strengthenener and heart-purifier and sanctifier can possibly be found than a knowledge of and love for the truths of God's word.

The second thought was: This is the noble boy who when he had committed the catechism, desired as a reward for his labor, a Bible. Wise choice. No better book could you have asked. No better could I have sent. Nor in the sending of any other gift, could I have been better pleased. No word is like God's word, in wisdom, in purity, in holiness. I often think of a little story I heard about a man who was ever committing Bible verses to memory. When he was asked why he did so, he said, "My memory is a part of my soul. When my soul goes into eternity, I expect to take my memory with me, and what better can I fill it with than the blessed truths of the dear Bible?"—Was he not right? I think he was.

And then, the third thought which came to me was: "This is the picture of a dear boy who in

early life has given his heart to Jesus, and professed him before the world." How I love to look upon your face, and to think, "that is the face of a Christian boy." How I love to think: "In that body, growing up to manhood so rapidly, beats a heart of love for Jesus." And then I say to myself: "No wonder his eyes are bright, his youthful face so pleasing, his memory strong, his mind bright and clear; for within him there is a glorious spirit which cannot but thus manifest itself."

Your dear father wrote me in his last letter that you were hard at work learning the larger catechism. It is a most blessed collection of holy truth; and cannot but prove a great benefit to any who will study it. Your reward is ready when I get word that you have committed it to memory. I would send you my picture, but have only one in my album at present. Kindest regards to father and mother.

In Christian love,

P. I. NEEFUS.





EARLY GATHERED



THE first part of your last letter to me is both sad and joyous. Sad, because of the bereavement you all have been called to bear in the loss of the dear little girl. Sad, because of a tender young life giving so large a promise of usefulness, so early filled with the love of the Master, yet so early and suddenly cut off. The joyous part is the happy death of the loved one, singing herself into glory. It is seldom we hear of such rapture in the little ones as they depart. Oh, how her happy death speaks louder than a thousand tongues for the truth and reality of our blessed religion; for in this dear child of such tender age there could be no pretense, no deception, no nervous excitement. Her joy was the indwelling of the blessed Spirit, her song the outburst of her happy soul. It was the rapture of heaven, before she left the body. A rapture-

song never more to cease. Her happy death was Jesus saying: "Behold how the little ones come unto me: of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."





CHRISTIAN LITERATURE



O truth is comparable to religious truth. Secular stories, secular truths, may interest and instruct the mind, but first and foremost, and at the head of all, is the sacred fountain of soul-uplifting, soul-cheering, soul-illuminating truth which reveals the divine mind and the divine heart; truth which leads the sinner to see, to feel his sin, and then to betake himself to the Saviour of sinners.

The science, the literature of earth, considered in itself and in its effect upon the soul of man, sinks into insignificance when brought face to face with the Word of Life. To study the depths of other minds in science is to merely comprehend what they comprehended; and when we have done this we have fathomed their depths; but to study the divine mind, is to open a mine of holy wealth, of sacred treasure, of priceless gems, which in-

crease in value, in beauty, as we descend into the depths of this blessed treasure-house. And the glory of all is, we can never exhaust that which is Infinite.



AS secondary to, and in aid of the preaching of the gospel, I have of late been more deeply impressed than ever with the great necessity of spreading sacred literature among old and young, and especially among the young. I think there has been a general awakening in this direction during the past few years.

The book-stores are now loaded with sacred volumes, which are wholly based upon the Word of Life, and so they contain truth-seeds vitalized by the eternal Spirit, and which as they drop from those holy boughs of religious story in print and in illustration, will not fail sooner or later to show themselves in a godly life.



I OFTEN think what great responsibility is laid upon the Christian to disseminate the gospel truth, as the means in so many forms and ways cluster about him, and constantly appeal to his liberality, his zeal, his love for the Master.



THERE are now many places to which I make donations, some west, some east, some north, some south; one being in Rosario de Santa Fé, Argentine Confederation.

Nearly all my mission work (as I would term it) has been carried on through the medium of the Tract House. Mr. R. C. Loesch, who recently died, was one of my most intimate friends—a most efficient man in his position; a Christian brother for whom I had formed the warmest attachment. The kind, gentle Dr. Shearer is a particular friend and counselor of mine, as well as the very able Christian scholar, Dr. Rand.



MANY, I know, make but little account of religious papers, and care but little for them after they are read; but we send our papers after reading to some person whom we think they would be likely to benefit. I always think that in destroying a religious book or paper or tract we may hinder some Christian heart being instructed, cheered or comforted, or some sinner from being awakened and brought to Christ. There are many instances on record where souls have been converted by the reading of some tract

or even part of a tract which has happened to fall in their way. The Word of the Lord always carries a power with it, and no person can read it or hear it read but will in some way be moved.

TO CHRISTIAN WRITERS

IT has pleased the Master, in granting to thee the full retention of all thy mental faculties, and these sanctified by his Spirit, and thus made his blessed servants, to so use them in committing thy holy thought to writing that multitudes in every direction may be profited thereby. How have these Spirit-indited letters and beautiful verses been the means of cheering the desponding, of comforting the sorrowing, of strengthening the weak, and of giving patience to the tried! And who could write with more force and power and benefit to such than one who himself was upon the testing-rack, and in the trial-heat? And who could more commend the dear Saviour to all such, than he who had experienced the most loving, tender and intimate communion with him? How often have these letters strengthened the faith of thy Christian friends; and how often been a wholesome rebuke to them in their care-

lessness and neglect of holy duty, and their ingratitude to the Lord for his blessings to them of health and strength; a rebuke for want of holy faith and trust because of the little trivial perplexities and annoyances of life, which, *all together*, would bear no comparison with the least of thy sufferings!



I WAS much pleased with the articles "Something New for Easter" and "What is the Use of Praying?" There are many good thoughts in both—thoughts which indicate a heart of deep love for, and a blessed soul-companionship, with the dear Redeemer; without such love and companionship you could not have written them. No field in the whole range of literature or science opens so broad, so beautiful, so attractive an arena for the most healthful development of the mental faculties, for the purest, sweetest, most elevating exercises of the soul.



YOU mentioned with reference to your writings of poetry and prose, that you were collecting them with the view of having them published in book form. I should be very much

pleased to read any one of these books when published, and hope you will remember me, and send at my expense the first printed volume.

Every printed religious volume and tract is an offset in the balance against the multitudes of iniquitous books which are almost continually coming forth from the Satan-ruled, whose depraved souls and Christ-despising minds rejoice, for the love of the evil which is in them and for pecuniary profit, to lead souls to ruin for this world and the next.



DEAR CHRISTIAN SISTER :

WHEN your suggestive letter arrived, and in it you spoke of the little pocket-jewels, "Daily Food," and of pocket Testaments, I felt quite comforted that I knew what to do. I saw at once that two more appropriate gifts than these precious little volumes could not be made to a young or an old convert. They are the Word of our dear Jesus and daily accompanying "food" drawn therefrom, and put in form for the Christian heart of young or old. How I thank you for your helpful suggestion! I feel that the dear ones will in those precious volumes find all that

food for soul that will be a blessed comfort to their new-born hearts—a heavenly support for their souls.

DROPPING THE SEED-TRUTHS

I HOPE the children will carefully and profitably read the Child's Paper. It is a blessed little paper and contains rich spiritual food for young and old. I send these papers in every direction, and hear most encouraging reports about them.

With regard to the Messengers, I will send you the twenty copies for the remainder of this year. This is also a most excellent religious monthly paper. Almost every number contains short articles from some of the best writers in this country. It has been the means of doing great good in the world.



SECOND, I was rejoiced to hear from you that the library I had sent you had been safely received; and had caused so much enthusiasm in the Sabbath School.

While I do not indulge in spending my money for foolish luxuries or for earthly pleasures, I am

certain I get a thousandfold more joy of heart and real comfort of soul, sent me by my very dear Lord, than those can ever get, or even imagine, who recklessly spend their means for that which satisfieth not.

The joy of a lasting good is a lasting joy. If but one holy truth-seed of the thousands in this library shall fall into some poor soul and spring up bear fruit to the glory of the Saviour, what a glorious work will have been accomplished by my little gift.

I count it one of the especial granted privileges of the dear Lord.



I AM much rejoiced to learn that the dear children who had raised a considerable sum as you wrote me in your last, have persevered until now they have a good library. Did you receive the Tract Society's catalogues? There is great risk in purchasing Sunday School libraries for children, lest the books be often of doubtful character. The books published by the Tract Society are carefully selected and may be depended upon; and, I think, are fully as cheap as can be obtained elsewhere.



CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 10, 1889.

DEAR BROTHER NEEFUS:

I AM sure the *Amerikanisher Botschafter* has been doing his portion of good in my field. He reaches many families who do not reach the church, and they are the kind who need his visit. If not asking too much of you, the renewal of the sixty copies will be acceptable. They will be judiciously, conscientiously distributed. Wishing you health,

I remain yours, with high esteem,

Rev. Chas. H. Schwarzbach.

DEAR BROTHER SCHWARZBACH:

IT gives me much pleasure to learn from your letter that the *Botschafters* are doing a good work among you. I know these religious papers are full of such reading as will be profitable to all who will peruse them. Many no doubt read these papers, who seldom read the Bible. If they will not study the Word itself, but will take in hand these Christian truths, there is yet large hope for them; for some timely word may touch their hearts, and so lead them to go to the fountain head—the Word.

I HOPE the little library and books will all prove a great blessing to the scholars—indeed, I know it is so doing, for you write me that your school was never in a better condition. How the dear Lord has blessed you, in permitting you to see the prosperity of your labors for him. This is one of the surest evidences of his acceptance of thee and of thy work. And I know thy heart goes out in gratitude and thanksgiving to him for all his favors.



IT is very encouraging to me to learn that the papers, copies of the Word I have by the Lord's favor been permitted to send to you, have done and are doing great good. I am very grateful to you for your helping letter; it is a stimulus to my zeal, a comfort, a joy to my heart.



AS in response to your kind request, I felt it a duty not only, but a heaven-granted privilege to send these religious periodicals to you, so I pray that your dear people will feel it a cheerful duty and a heavenly privilege to read and profit spiritually by them. I know that

many a timely word in these papers will awaken an increased interest in holy things in many a Christian soul, will lead to a more thorough life-consecration to the Saviour, will stir a deeper feeling of holy love in the heart, will lead to the continued utterance of the importunate prayer: "Master, help me to glorify thee; make me increasingly useful in thy service!" To thus stir one or more Christian hearts, is to bring new life, new energy into the prayer-meeting, the church, the Sabbath School, the community. I know that the Sunday School papers will contain many an article, many a picture-illustration, which will produce holy and lasting impressions upon these little hearts.

DISTRIBUTING TRACTS

I OFTEN picture to my mind the scene when Christ beheld the people casting their gifts into the Lord's treasury. Many rich men cast in much, but the poor woman who threw in her mite, the all she had, Jesus declared, gave more than all the rest, for her gift was the result of heart-devotion to her Lord. A little tract is often more blest to a soul than a sermon; in it is his Spirit, and the Spirit of the Lord is the spirit of

quickenings, of penitence, of conversion, of salvation; and nothing can resist it.



ABOUT the first of January, 1888, I adopted the plan of enclosing a religious tract in every letter I mailed. My correspondence is very large, and I have already sent great numbers of these little messengers in this way. From some persons I have received blessed communications in regard to the pleasure they received in reading them. With others, these tracts have brought me into pleasant and profitable communion. I hope the day is not distant when every Christian merchant and correspondent will have a bundle of these religious, evangelical, unsectarian tracts upon his office-desk, and shall not fail to enclose one in every letter he writes. I believe the resultant effects for good would be unspeakably great.



THE multiplication and spreading of gospel truth through the agency of the press, and the carrying of that truth into almost every house and to almost every eye and ear in Christendom,

has more holy design and meaning in it than we often think.

If men will not go to the house of God to hear the gospel, the Lord, in his deep interest in and his love for the poor sinner, sends the gospel to him, or meets him with the message in some form, by tract or missionary upon the highway—goes by a tract or a Testament or one of his servants into the very haunts of the sinner's wickedness and crime. No obstacle which would hinder the poor soul from being warned to "flee from the wrath to come" is left unsurmounted, and hence he can make no excuse if he dies in his sin.



AND now I think I will give Mr. William a little to do. I will send a package of single-leaf tracts to distribute among your people when they are gathered in the meeting, or just as they are coming out. Now if you will do this for Jesus, I know he will give you a blessing in your own heart. And then how many precious souls with the Lord's blessing may also be converted through these tracts. And so good will come to all.

Let your dear wife help you in the good work.

I tell you the Lord will so reward you and bless you that I believe in a short time you will send for more tracts.



I PRAY that the tract, "The Miller's Son," which I sent you, and which you gave your son, will have a blessed effect upon him. I am glad to learn from your letter that he is not like very many who do not believe, in that he is willing to read about holy things, to reason about them, to think about them. The soul which does not believe and trust in the precious atonement of Jesus is its own worst enemy. To ridicule the holy religion of Jesus, is not to do so much harm to others as it is to do harm to self.



I RECEIVED recently a letter from a friend in Virginia to whom I had written a letter, and in which I enclosed two little tracts, entitled "Old John is dead, I am new John." Said he: "The two little tracts, 'Old John,' etc., I found enclosed in your letter, I gave to two girls. They were the means of their conversion. Little did you think that such would be the blessed result of your sending these little books."

Every letter which leaves my hand carries with it a leaflet-tract or two.

From many persons, and some not professing Christians, I have received a most cordial recognition of the benefits derived from them—one, I remember, from a Roman Catholic with whom I had business relations. I believe every Christian merchant could adopt this plan, and without injury, but the rather, with profit to his business. And I believe every Christian merchant should in this way as well as in other ways show forth his Christian colors.



I BELIEVE Christians are becoming more and more awake to the employment of this means in spreading the gospel. This is evident by the marvelous demand continually made at the publication houses for them. Of this I know much in connection with my large business transactions and my very frequent calls at the American Tract Society's Rooms, 150 Nassau Street, New York City. I believe there is more of religious tract-sending at this day throughout our own dear land and throughout the world than ever before; tracts sent in letters, packages, distributed by the

faithful everywhere. The Lord's child need not want for work in the Master's vineyard, if he is inclined to work; for he can go to the Tract House and for a few cents get a measure of gospel truth-seed in the shape of tracts, and go forth into the world sowing it in every direction. A tract will go where the minister of the gospel does not go, to men who perhaps never hear the preached Word; to eyes and hands and ears which had never read, heard, or handled the Word itself. They call sinners to turn to Jesus and be saved, who, until the little messenger came to them, had never been appealed to.





THE TRACT HOUSE, NEW YORK



AM often lost in wonder when I enter the Tract House in New York City and see on every side of me the abundant supply of God-provided means, in religious literature ever ready there to go forth to do the Lord's work in the earth—and this granary, this store-house of soul-food, but one of the hundreds to be found in the earth. Here is spiritual sustenance suited to every capacity of the learned and of the unlearned. The theologian will not come here in vain to seek works of the highest intellectual profit in the realm of the religious, and of the deepest soul-love in the realm of the spiritual. The ignorant can here find the pure teachings of the Word of Life so plainly set forth that even with the dull-est apprehension he cannot fail to understand. The child can find sweet heaven-blossoms here—so

pure, so lovely, so fragrant with celestial perfume, that even in the handling as well as in the reading the little soul will never forget their holy beauty.

Here the wealthy may store their libraries, their parlors, their studies with the most beautiful works of religious art. Not less may the poor find manna in such form, in such quantity, in such soul-satisfying quality and at such a price that they shall not have it to say, "I cannot afford it"; or if they really cannot afford it, that they cannot get it for nothing. Here he who would glorify his Master in doing good, can find holy truth in such shape, at such price and in such a way that he cannot leave this treasure-vault, saying, "I could find nothing within the reach of my means to send forth on a mission for my Saviour."

And what do I see in this inexhaustible store? All this holy provision is an exhibition of the abundant means of grace mercifully provided by the heavenly Father, so that no room may be left for any soul to say, "I starve for the 'Bread of Life.' " No Christian man or woman shall be enabled to frame any excuse whatever for not, according to his opportunity, great or small, aiding in the Lord's work in spreading the truth-seeds of the living Word.



CHRISTIAN LETTERS



THE Christian who can pen but one comforting thought to a brother in trial, but one sentence of warning to an impenitent friend, cannot fail, if he will but sincerely seek and ask, to find both the thought and the friend; nor in the doing will he fail in both imparting and receiving a rich blessing. And he will also find that these ways of approach through the medium of correspondence are the only ones by which he can at all reach many. They are the only source of appeal to an impenitent friend.

Many years ago, in my youthful diffidence in addressing my friends and companions on the subject of personal religion, I adopted the plan of writing letters to them. I cannot recall a single instance of any one of these letters having been received or ever answered in a hostile spirit. In almost every instance, sooner or later, those

written to publicly professed Christ. From some of those who were moved in the direction of good by these letters, most blessed answers were sent me in return.



IN no direction I can conceive of is holy stimulating encouragement so needed as among God's little flock, in their aggressive warfare against the giant power of evil. To speak often one to another, to pray often one with and for another, to write often one to the other, cannot but prove a mighty Christian impulse among the brethren to holy perseverance in the Christian life.



IESTEEM it a great privilege to converse face to face with God's own people. And if I cannot do this, to hold communion with them in writing. Many loved friends have I whom I have never seen, but from their Christian letters to me I know that they love my Saviour, and when I write to them I seem to be speaking face to face with them—we are one in Christ. I know how the Lord's children feel—I know something of their joys, their sorrows, their trials, their temptations, their struggles with their sinful hearts.

I know how the world would overthrow them if it could; rob them of their hope, their joy, their heaven. I know how the Lord's people pray, and in answer to prayer how they are upheld and blest—how God's grace makes them proof against the arrows of Satan. And so, knowing all this, I know how to write to my brothers and sisters in Christ.



I AM often annoyed with the worldly correspondence of men who spin out great long senseless letters—often the overflow of a vacant mind and a world-loving spirit. I always glance over such missives as rapidly as possible, and often do not read them at all. If I am compelled to answer them, it is in a very brief manner. But when I receive Christian letters, then I rejoice, and the longer they are, the better. I read them over twice on receiving them, lay away for a short time—read them again, and then carefully file them.



DEAR BROTHER LOW:

MY first letter for 1888 I now begin to you, and it is quite natural that I should thus do, for you are one of the first of my correspond-

ents in the blessed work to which a few years ago I set my hand, directed by the heavenly Master in answer to my prayer—the work of distributing religious truth. The number to whom I now send the messages of life has increased to about twenty-two. How I have ever had this number brought to my attention, and been permitted to aid them in holy things, the Saviour only knows. He has sent them to me, and me to them.



DURING the past year many have written me about Sabbath School prosperity—many about missionary work—many others about their church organizations and church work—still others about their personal experience in their labors. And among my correspondents are quite a number who have written me concerning their individual soul-exercises in religious things; some on the holy mount of heavenly rapture, others in the dark mazes of trembling, fear and doubt. Many have written of the great goodness of the Master to them through a long period of years—many expressing their joyous hope in the Saviour, and their assurance of salvation. Many have asked words of comfort in their sorrows over the

loss of their dear ones—many have written long and most blessed letters from sick-beds and sick-rooms; and others have written to me who were in great anxiety about their souls; desirous of coming to the truth, and living for Jesus.

I find by the interchange of holy thought a soul-comfort, a heart-cheer, a faith-strength, a love-zeal, and a Christ-communion, all which I would not have had in such intense abundance had it not been for the use of these holy means. Also I find that my memory has been strengthened, new vigor has been given to my thoughts, and a higher intellectual sphere has been attained, all the blessed result of so frequently corresponding about holy matters with the people of God.

During the busy season up to the present I have not written much save to two or three dear Christians who are confirmed invalids: one, whom I have never seen, residing in Virginia, a poor sufferer who has for nearly fourteen years been more or less confined to his house, and during the greater portion of this long period in intense suffering. It affords me great pleasure to write to him, for his letters in return are full of praise to the dear Saviour for his abounding mercy to him. "What would I do without my Lord?" is

his oft-expressed feeling. And so he is joyfully abiding the Master's time, waiting patiently till he who is his life shall appear, that he also may appear with him in glory.

The other dear brother to whom I often write is a resident of Brooklyn. He has, up to this time, been about seven years in his room. He is a great sufferer, bent almost double by his pains. The Christian letters I frequently receive from him are marvels of holy thought and communion with the dear Saviour.

I have known this dear brother for some twelve or thirteen years. Our Christian fellowship has, during that long period, been of the most intimate and reciprocal soul-edification. He is a man of great intellectual attainment, of marvelous power of memory, and—glory to our beloved Jesus for his sweet religion—behind all his intellectual greatness, is the simple, calm, abiding faith of a little child. The conversation and letters of this holy man of God have wonderfully strengthened my at times feeble faith, and often in my hours of dejection have reproved me for my ingratitude to my Lord for his blessings. Often have I said to myself: “What, I dejected while the Master has sent me so many blessings,

such health, such prosperity, and this poor brother—he is very poor in this world's goods—so cheerful in the very furnace of bodily affliction? Ungrateful one I am!" And in this thought, I have often taken new courage, and received new cheer.





MEMORY AND SCRIPTURE



URGE your people to store their memories full of the truths of God's Word. And why should they do this? I will answer by relating a little anecdote I heard some years ago of a dear child of God. He was ever committing verses and chapters of the Word to memory, and when one day asked why he did this his ready answer was: "My memory is part of my soul; when I go into the eternal world, my memory will go with me, and be with me forever; and what better use can I make of it now than to store it with the blessed truths of the dear Word of Life?"

How wise it is to crowd the soul full of the living Word—so full that nothing less noble can enter in! What wisdom, what light, what joy, what peace, what holy direction, what blessed communion with the Father, what holy companionship with the Saviour, will such ever have!

In direct antithesis to all that the world calls great in intellectual worth, merit, and expansion of thought, and of what the world lauds as great in word or deed, we place the Word of the Lord; a Word which is vitalized by his Holy Spirit, and that Spirit eternal, omniscient; a Word whose thought is the thought of the Eternal Mind; that Mind which is the Father-Mind of all mind; that Mind whose comprehension soars infinitely above the highest, the holiest thought of man; the Mind which framed the universe, which designed us so "fearfully and wonderfully," and then breathed itself into man and made him an immortal soul.



I GREATLY rejoice that early in life my dear, now sainted mother, led me to feel the importance of committing hymns and Bible verses to memory. I have never forgotten them; for every trial, every sorrow, every temptation, every gloom, every despondency, every labor, every duty, every fear, I always find in my memory some hymn or verse of a hymn, some chapter or verse of a chapter. And I am trying day by day to add to my memory stock, these good things; oh, how they help me!



I KNOW that if those dear girls in your Sunday School who have committed so many scripture verses to memory are not now Christians, they soon will be, for so much holy truth in any mind will not fail at some time to spring up, and bear fruitage in holy lives. May many of the dear children be stimulated by these examples, to commit the Word to memory.



YOU write about the dear Word of God I gave you; how you read it and care for it. I hope you will read it every day, and learn many verses by heart, so that when during the day you are at your work, you can think over them in your mind. Thus, when you get the truths of God's Word in your soul, you will be likely to think more and more of him; you thus will be kept nearer to the Saviour; you will be better able to keep out of evil, and better prepared to talk of the Saviour to others. To fill the mind with God's truth, is to have poured into it a holy light; is to have laid out before it a heavenly chart, and a heaven-magnetized compass, guided by which the child of God shall surely at

length reach and anchor in the haven of eternal glory.



YOUR deep love for the precious Word, as set forth in your letter, has led me to devote the burden of my thought, in this epistle, to this subject. And what subject could form a more blessed theme for thought, open a wider field, or invite a higher soaring of the intellect? And what theme calculated to more stir the emotions of the soul, the love of the heart and the joy of the Spirit? And what theme of more vital interest to a poor sinful, dying creature, and yet an immortal being, than that which opens the door of God's love to the perishing and bids them enter into his heart's affections through the atonement of Jesus? And what theme more blessed than that through which the heaven-rays of love, of pardon, of guidance and salvation stream from the eternal throne upon the pathway of the regenerate soul?





DR. ANTHON

TO MR. WILLIAM S. SLOAN, NEW YORK CITY.



SUPPOSE I am very many years your senior, according to the dates of our graduation from Columbia. I graduated in 1854, while the old college buildings were yet standing at the foot of Park Place (I think). I was under the very rigid disciplinarian and exacting classical professor, Dr. Anthon. I never made much progress or display in his department, for, being of naturally a diffident disposition, he generally frightened everything out of me, before I had a chance, or could collect composure, to recite. Dr. Anthon, I believe, was the giant classical scholar of his age, and holds his own to this day as such. He was a giant physically and intellectually. The classical work of his life is simply mammoth, and all of the highest order. It is a burning shame that a history of his life and classical labors has not

long ere this been given to the public. It would form a most interesting work for students and professors. I largely charge Professor Drissler for the want of such a volume. Dr. Anthon took the deepest interest in him. They labored for years together (especially on Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Dictionary, edited by Professor Drissler). No person better knew Dr. Anthon than Professor Drissler. It is a culpable neglect of duty to a friend, and an evidence of ingratitude to a most worthy benefactor, as was Dr. Anthon to Professor Drissler, that in some substantial eulogy the latter has not faithfully memorialized the studiousness, the classical greatness, the attractiveness of his private character, his methodical life, and dignified, gentlemanly bearing. If you are very intimate with Professor Drissler, I hope you will not fail to probe him on this point.



I OFTEN think how, when in old Columbia College, that rigid, stern, exacting disciplinarian, Dr. Charles Anthon, called upon me to recite in Greek or Latin; all of my poor self seemed to take flight, and my recitation was to me a kind of shadowy journey or dreamy somno-

lence out of the body, and I only returned to consciousness when I emerged from the classic and heavy atmosphere of his lecture-room out into the cheery, pure, invigorating air of the college campus. As I am now turning the scale at sixty, although my physical health is excellent, I feel this sense of diffidence rather increasing than abating. I sometimes dream at night that I am at the recitation-desk in Dr. Anthon's room, and then from the excitement suddenly awakening. No one can imagine what a sense of joy and gratitude I feel from the fact that it is only a dream.



I WAS told by a classmate of mine, who after his graduation from Columbia College, was first employed as instructor in Latin, and then as instructor in Greek, by the great Dr. Charles Anthon, in his (Anthon's) College grammar school, that the handling of such scholars as I have just described became such a tax upon the doctor's disciplinary resources, that he finally adopted the following plan: He instructed his tutors to make every extra effort in every known direction to stir up these drones. "Try love, try anger, try calling them names, insult them, whip them—any-

thing," said Dr. Anthon, "to ascertain if there be a vulnerable point anywhere in their nature; and if you cannot touch them, send them to me." When such scholars were sent to the doctor, he would, my friend informed me, make them get all their books together, and then taking them to the door, say to them: "Now go home, and come back here no more." Nothing, my friend told me, could ever induce the doctor to take back again such discharged scholars. He told me that he had seen rich, influential parents beg, entreat Dr. Anthon to take their expelled children back again, but never did they succeed. The doctor's argument was: "They are an injury, a drawback to my school. They keep the good scholars back—they make worse those who are inclined to be careless; they consume the valuable time of the teachers to no benefit."





HENRY WARD BEECHER



KNOW Mr. Beecher discarded the catechism; I think he went so far as to call it something of the devil's work, but I verily believe if he had studied it himself in his later years it would have saved him from many an erratic and unscriptural expression and teaching. However, in Scripture doctrine, Mr. Beecher is not much authority, and never will be. I have frequently heard him preach, however; and I must say such sermons I never heard. One I shall never forget: "What is it to be a Christian?" The description of that Christian life which would fit for heaven was enough to make any professor tremble with fear at his shortcomings, and truly ask: "Am I a Christian?"



IT is related by a friend of the late Mr. Beecher, that on one occasion he saw Mr. Beecher so illy and insultingly treated by a person whom he

knew, that he resolved he would never again speak to that man. "For a long time," said he, "I did not speak to the bold, mean insulter of my beloved Mr. Beecher. But one day as I was walking along the street, I saw Mr. Beecher ahead of me, leaning upon the arm of some friend, and in pleasing, animated conversation. As I drew near, I saw it was the very man whom I had but a little before heard abuse him! I felt deep chidings at my own action, and learned from Mr. Beecher a lesson of humility and forgiveness I shall never forget."





THAT FAMOUS BLIZZARD



SHOULD write you a word about our great blizzard of March 12th. Such a terrible storm I never witnessed—for two days without cessation continued snow and hurricane winds. We have often heard of Western blizzards and consoled ourselves with the thought and assurance: Well we have no such terrible things in these pacific parts; but alas! we now all know what “bliz” means. Such snow-drifts, such confusion, such a paralyzing of business, such a destitution of food, such snail-like locomotion, such colds among our people, such complaining, such suffering of the poor, such breaking open of highways by forces of men shoveling snow in every direction, such detention of mails, of telegraphic communication, such scarcity of daily papers (fifty cents offered for the Herald)—everything in jargon and confusion. If so it may be, we do never again want to see one of these visitants upon our coast.



CONEY ISLAND—SABBATH BREAKING



WE have just passed through one of the greatest storms on record for this season of the year. The damage done to our late crops has been quite large; damage to our sea-coast watering-places untold; damage to the far-famed Coney Island, immense. I visited the place shortly after the storm. In this place especially Sabbath desecration is fearful. Trains of cars run from the cities of New York and Brooklyn every few minutes, and often as many as forty or fifty thousand people have visited the place on a single Sabbath. Drinking, gambling, immorality—bands of music playing afternoon and evening. Yesterday a week ago they had one of their gala Sabbaths, defying as it were the Almighty in breaking his day. On Sabbath evening the tide and wind began to rise, and continued with the lashing of

immense sea-waves for nearly two days, spreading destruction on every side, carrying some buildings out to sea, throwing others up upon the shore, ground into kindling-wood. One building which some two weeks ago I saw standing firm, about forty by one hundred feet lay upon the shore completely ground up. It would look as if it were an impossibility for the waves to so destroy it. To one hotel the damage is estimated at \$100,000—more than all the season's profits. The famous Brighton racing-grounds which were not far from the sea, and where on the previous Saturday a vast crowd had gathered for betting—hundreds having staked their all on racers, some having mortgaged their houses for money with which to bet, others having taken the support from their wives and children, multitudes of employees having robbed their employers to raise funds for betting—these grounds have been entirely covered by the sea, and when I saw them, were all about four feet under water.

It is upon the lips of old and young, of saint especially, and often of sinner, "Well, this is the result of breaking the Sabbath; it is the Lord's doings!" I verily believe it is.



NUGGETS

THE Christian's reward is not only a treasure laid up, a crown awaiting him in the Fatherland of glory, but a continued inhalation soul-peace and comfort and joy, as he passes on through his earth-pilgrimage, breathing the Master's spirit in prayer, in holy toil for him—in a life of holy devotion. What narrow views of heaven have they who think only of joys in the end, and seek not to make their soul-life a heaven as they pass on!



CREEDS and doctrinal standards, I think, are most essential to healthy Christian growth, provided they are drawn only from the Word and clearly proved by it. Why they aid is, because the large body of divinity contained in the Word is brought into a more tangible shape, a more condensed form.

IT is the possession of Christ which constitutes the true profession of him.



I COULD not refrain from writing as I have, after reading your last letter, informing me of the prosperity of the Black Lake Mission, when I thought of him who did so much to start this good work which lay so near his Christian heart. You wrote me that five souls had been converted during a revival at the chapel. A blessing in itself, a holy triumph for Jesus, compared with which all the effort to establish this mission, the means employed, the money expended, the time given, is, so to speak, as nothing.



I LOVE the vale of humility; it is here I find the dearest friends of the Master, here they can best understand and appreciate each other. Here I find the sweetest companionship with my adorable Redeemer. Why were we ever led into this fellowship, into this exalted valley of humility? It is all of the sovereign mercy of God toward us. The Lord humbled our sinful wills by breaking them; and by breaking them he made

them a thousand-fold stronger in grace than they ever could have been strong in sin.



DURING the busy season upon the farm, I get little leisure to write much. It has often been a serious question with me, inasmuch as my correspondence has grown so large, and if in it I am doing the Master any service, whether I ought not to curtail outdoor duties, and give more time to writing. And then again I think and know quite well that I could hardly endure too much mental work, especially if I did not get physical exercise; and a little exercise on my soil gives me just the change I need.



YOUR absence from home led you to appreciate it more when you returned, and I doubt not you felt more encouraged to go to your field of toil again. How often have I left home for a little jaunt and returned better satisfied with home than ever! How often in witnessing the toil and anxiety and care and slavish vigilance of business or professional men, have I been led with new pleasure and encouragement to

turn to my farm, and feel and know that here is more material prosperity, more independence, more robust health, more leisure for mind-improvement, and the blessed field for quite as large spiritual growth, and of good-doing, as in almost any other calling or profession.



I AM glad you have a little home of your own, and a dear wife to enjoy it with you. I am glad that the Lord is in your home. No friend will you ever know or find whose presence and companionship will make your home so happy, so cheerful, so loving, as his presence and company there. To set up a home without asking the heavenly Father to come and make his abode in it, is like building a house without a roof. A roofless house is ever open to rain and storm. Those who live in it get no rest or comfort. The furniture will all soon be spoiled, and such ruin and disaster will follow that in a little time the inmates will have to leave. Without the Lord in the home, the spiritual roof of his protection is wanting.



MY daily prayer is, "O Lord, answer the prayer of these dear ones for me, in pouring out the Holy Spirit upon my soul." I feel that this is the greatest gift I can ask of my Father. In the gift of the Spirit are included, a knowledge of Christ, a revelation of his blessed work, a view of the terrible evil of sin, a growth in holiness of heart, gentleness of spirit, and godly humility, an increasing deadness to the world, and a more vital union to our Lord. With the gift of the Holy Spirit comes consecration to the Lord, a growing likeness to our Saviour, a more holy communion, and a more blessed companionship with him.

In this great difference in my experience between prayer without the Spirit, and prayer in the Spirit, what gratitude, what love to him I feel through whom I was led from the exercise of the spiritless, to that of the spiritual! What an empty, heartless exercise the first, what a soul-filling joy the last! What a blessed substitution by the Master of the last for the first! Christ in the place of self—the spiritual in the place of the carnal—the heavenly in the place of the earthly—light for darkness—joy for sorrow—peace for confusion—victory for defeat—strength for weakness—life for death!

I well remember hearing the great temperance lecturer, John B. Gough, relate how that but for a word of encouragement from a friend, he would have quite given up all effort at reform. He related how he had fought for many days with his appetite for strong drink, after he had signed the temperance pledge; and was about to give up all hope, when unexpectedly meeting a friend, that friend, placing his hand upon his shoulder, praised him for the step he had taken in signing the pledge, and entreated him to courageously persevere in the good path of reform—"Already," said Mr. Gough, "had Satan entwined his snares about me—already filled my mind with strange vagaries—serpents and demons seemed to have me already in their grasp. I felt that there was no escape but to go back to my old habits. Just then did the good Christian meet me, and by his timely words of encouragement inspire within me new strength to struggle with my foe; and in that struggle by the help of God I won."

Men may call us fools for not going with them into evil, but we would surely be fools if we went; for if a man goes among fools, he either is one, or will very soon become one. And when a man once gets to be a fool, there is no telling

when he will ever come to his senses again ; very likely never ! The man who will never become a fool, is he whose heart is fixed on the Lord. The Bible tells us, “The *fear* of the Lord is the beginning of *wisdom*; A good understanding have all they who keep his commandments.” To live a holy life with Christ, is to so live that the world will hate and scorn us, but the friendship of Christ will do far more for us than the enmity of the world can do against us.

Often do I think of you in your toils for the good Master, and wonder with what degree of success he is blessing them. In this toil, success has two applications, an internal, and an external—the soul of the toiler, and the results of his toil. I heard an experienced missionary once remark, that he “never knew or heard of an unhappy missionary.” The performance of holy duty is always attended by a greater or less amount of heart-joy.



I FREQUENTLY heard the great evangelist, Dr. Menhall, preach in Dr. Talmage’s Tabernacle, last winter. Such sermons I never before heard. I never heard a man so mighty in the Scriptures. When at the end of his wonderful

sermons, he would request those to rise who desired to become Christians and wished to be prayed for, one would think his whole vast audience would at once have arisen and each cried out from the depth of a sin-convicted soul, "Oh, pray for me, pray for me, I want the Saviour, I want salvation"; but alas, only here and there one arose. As I witnessed this, I could not but think: What a stubborn, what a mighty foe is sin! how hard the impenitent heart!



THE life exhibition of a joyous faith and trust in Christ by his disciples will ever send forth the most deadly arrows into the sin-ranks of the wicked. A heaven-smile is the most effectual reproof to a sin-frown. He who contentedly sits chained in the cloisters of sin, will never feel so disturbed, self-condemned, never so realize his sad condition as when faced and looked upon, and smiled upon by a happy soul-rejoicing believer in Christ.



I HOPE your boy will not be so foolish as to set himself in defiance against the truths of the living God. His unbelief will never shake

them—his enmity will never harm them—his reasoning will never disprove, nor his logic overthrow them. But of one fact let him be certain; that every blow he foolishly and in his weakness aimed at Jesus and his holy religion, will rebound upon himself, like the buckle, to do himself the most harm. And it will rebound at a time when he will be powerless to resist, to evade the blow; when reproving conscience shall confess: “Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.”



BUT in all that we behold in the tendency of men to evil, in what we see and feel in our own souls, we have a fearful illustration of the evil nature, the might, the power of sin; that power whose aim and object is to work the eternal ruin of the soul which will not take flight and leave the soul at rest by one victory of good over it, but nothing daunted is continually coming up in fresh attack. This onslaught can only be resisted by the continued presence of heaven-sent grace; and that grace is never wanting in those whose lives are “hid with Christ in God.” The storehouse of God’s grace is ever open, ever

full. Into it God's child may ever enter, from it take all the supplies needed to "quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."



A YOUNG Christian minister, a relative of mine, recently said to me: "I have been permitted to gather in about all who are in my little parish into the church, and what more can I do? I think I shall seek another charge." I replied: "Perhaps your most successful charge will be just where you are laboring; as you have gathered all these in, now let your aim be to have all grow in grace; educate them in the things of Christ; lead your flock up to higher planes, to more abundant pastures, to an increase in spirituality, to a more decided consecration, to more holiness of life. So will there go out from you a spirit of power which will be quite equivalent to any labors in a new charge." He agreed with me, and I believe he has gone with a renewed consecration to labor among his spiritual children. Your efforts so blest among your people have, I know, given you power among and endeared you to them; and your decision to remain has undoubtedly been directed by and in accord

with the divine will for the mutual benefit of both pastor and people.



THE great cry which but a few years ago came up from the Lord's servants was: "Oh, that the world were opened to the gospel—that the hindrances to its being carried to the nations were removed." At this day the double cry is—on the part of God's people: "Send the men, and grant the means"—on the part of the heathen: "Come over, and help us—we perish!" The Saviour's large answering of the first petition in removing the hindrances, is most encouraging evidence that the answering of the second will soon follow.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."





SOMETHING NEW FOR EASTER



AFTER not many hours but *many days* of study on the subject suggested by you, I have been enabled to somewhat express my thoughts upon it in the following lines:

“SOMETHING NEW FOR EASTER”

Some new robe for this holy day
What grand dress shall it be?
In studied thought each seems to say:
“What robe is meet for me?”

The fettered slave of fashion’s art
In gorgeous dress-array
No higher soars in thought or heart,
Than thus to greet this day.

But there’s a robe for this good morn,
More beautiful and bright
Than e’er did mortal form adorn,
Or dazzle mortal sight.

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A shining robe of heavenly hue,
Wrought by Infinite skill,
Which Jesus gives the chosen few
Who love to do his will.

The robe of penitence, of prayer,
By God's dear children worn,
Than which no robe so meet to wear,
On holy Easter morn.

In deep humility bow low,
My proud rebellious heart;
Hear, Lord, my plea—on me bestow
This robe of heavenly art.

Grant me to kneel in this pure dress
At Easter's sacred shrine:
Wait there thy precious love-caress,
And *feel* thee, Saviour, mine.

What heavenly joy I then shall know!
What peace, what purity!
What heaven-light in my soul will glow
In union, Lord, with thee!

Then with what burning zeal I'll press
Toward the heavenly goal;
How toil, that others I may bless,
And lead to Jesus' fold!

Then, Saviour, in this fervent prayer,
I'll pour my suppliant breath:—
Grant all mankind a pardon-share
In thine atoning death.

And thus, as with each passing year,
Bright Easter comes apace,
Would I in God's blest house appear,
Arrayed in robes of grace.

And when, at length, on earth I'll score
My last dear Easter morn;
The holiest robe I ever wore,
May it my soul adorn.

Thus clad, Heaven's call I'll gladly wait,
To fly from earth away;
And shout, when passing through death's gate,
"Eternal Easter Day!"





ANCHORED THOUGHTS



ALL true, efficacious prayer has its blessed origin in the tender love-affections of a heart under the sanctified rule of the Holy Spirit.



WE may be scrupulously careful to “lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet” in our critical diagnosis of the Christian life and character of others, while did we carefully apply the same test to our own Christian experience, we would very likely find ourselves much more deserving of the criticism than those we took so much pains to weigh and criticise.



TO wish evil to come upon another, often proves an answered prayer in its coming upon ourselves.

TRUE religion does not consist in what one merely asserts he believes or possesses of it, but in what, by holy example, by self-denial, by zeal for Christ, he proves to be in himself both as to belief and as to possession.



HE who professes Christ and does not live Christ, gives the bold, open, unmistakable lie to the claim that he possesses the Spirit of Christ; and not possessing his Spirit, he is none of his.



THAT which we may give grudgingly or ostentatiously to the Lord's cause, he may use for a blessing upon others, while the spirit in which we gave it will hinder the least blessing from coming upon ourselves.



WHAT multitudes are ever ready to give good spiritual advice to others, while they are sadly wrecking their own spiritual interests for time, for eternity, because of the need of following such advice themselves.



IT will very generally be found quite true that those professing Christians who are ever ready to condemn their brother Christians as needing reversion, are the very ones most needing it themselves.



WE may very suddenly cut short the good we have begun to do, and might long have continued to do, by selfishly taking to ourselves, instead of giving to the good Lord, the praise.



HE who jestingly repeats the oaths of the profane swearer, is equally guilty with him of the vile sin of profanity.



EVERY excuse, however plausible and self-satisfying to his sin-ruled soul, which keeps a poor impenitent sinner from crying to Jesus for pardon and salvation, is the devil's cunning suggestion or device to keep the sinner for himself.



IT is the contrite soul ever linked in holy fellowship with Jesus, who will be in his Saviour's service a force, a power, Satan will greatly

fear to antagonize, because one who will always leave him in ignominious defeat.



QUITE barren of holy result will be our efforts to induce others to love and serve Jesus, unless we can and do appeal to them on the strong ground of our own soul experience.



NOTHING save the mantle of Jesus' precious love thrown over and about his dear ones will effectually protect the love-bloom, the faith-bloom, the grace-bloom of their souls from the withering blight of the frosts of sin.



MY precious beloved mother in glory: Angel of light, of comfort, of joy thou art to me. Often I see thee in heaven-adorned beauty at my side—often upturn my face for the kiss of thy tender love—often stretch my arms out in holy affection to embrace thy dear spirit-form—often in devout prayer feel thy holy hands laid upon my head—often I hear the rapture songs of thy Christ-redeemed spirit—often I feel the joyous heart-thrill of thy holy voice calling to me:

“My dearly beloved, my oft-prayed-for boy,
I’m looking, waiting, longing to meet thee, to
greet thee in heaven.”



GOD’S dear servant should ever be so filled
with the love-spirit of Jesus that when
the bow of death shall be drawn over his happy
soul, it shall respond in full tune with the heavenly
choir, and he shall depart, in vibrating harmony,
with his eternal song-home in glory.





AFFLICTION AND CONSO- LATION



AS regards the general cause why the Lord's beloved are often called to trial, there may not always come a clear and definite solution—or I would say, an individual reason, applicable to the particular case and circumstances of the peculiar trial. The Master says to those to whom he does not *clearly* reveal the causes of his dealing with them: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" "My grace is sufficient for thee; thy strength is made perfect in weakness"; "Be not afraid, only believe"; "Commit thy way unto the Lord." And so the tried one is called upon to rest in a living faith in him who in his own time and way will unfold the wise reasons for all his dealings with him, and this unfolding may never take place until he shall see his Redeemer face to face. Thus the particular

reason why God afflicts can only be solved in that *heart-faith* which speaks in the expression, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

But then there are in many cases special reasons which often become very apparent to the Lord's beloved. His wise design is set forth before them more and more fully, as he makes all their trials subserve the great ends of glorifying his name, and extending his kingdom in the earth. It is not every one who professes to love the Master whom he thus calls to suffer—and why? Because they are not the ones whom he would honor to this end. To glorify the Saviour in the test-crucible of bodily pain and physical infirmity, calls for no ordinary subject. Hence he who is thus called, has no light honor put upon him, but a holy preferment, which will ever prove a soul-cheering, a soul-satisfying assurance of acceptance in the Beloved, and an eternal rest at the end of the thorny path.

Now I know that the afflicted sometimes become despondent, and may perhaps even murmur at their great trials; but I think there is nothing condemnatory in this. They do not despond or complain because they have not faith in Jesus, or hope in his salvation—oh, no. The foundation

rock of the believer's faith is not removed or overthrown, but the clouds come, and the down-cast spirit is the result of the effect which the painful suffering body has upon the soul.

Not till we shall put off the body, will we fly out into the free, pure, limitless air of God's eternal love and ceaseless heavenly sunshine.



THE Master wonderfully comes with his holy joy to each of his children; to the well, strong and healthy, to *do* his will; to the sick, weak and distressed, to *suffer* his will. Upon both the doer and the sufferer, the eternal blessing will rest

GROUNDLESS FEARS

HOW often we live in terror and untold anxiety about the troubles and trials and afflictions which we anticipate, but which, when they do come, are divested of fear and perplexity. The reason is, that when we look at the future of suffering which may be before us, we look at it from a human standpoint, and God is not in the consideration; but when we actually come into the furnace of trial, the fear and distrust are

gone, because our Saviour takes the burden for us. We have the promise verified, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

A dear relative of my wife went through many of his years, grieving, sighing and trembling because of his great fear of death. When he came near his end, he said: "I am dying, and can it be that this is death; that which I have so many years dreaded, and so long lived in terror of? Surely it is no terror now to me; I do not fear to die! Can it be that this is death?" and so he calmly, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

Oh, how wonderfully favored are you of the dear Lord that in the midst of your great bodily suffering your soul can look up through the pain and distress and say: Dear Saviour, thou art mine! "My heart and my strength may fail me, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."



GOD administers through the faith and the patience and the growing graces of his afflicted, severe and just rebuke to those professing Christians who fret and chafe—yea, even accuse the good Lord with unjust dealings, because of the little trivial, petty annoyances of life,

and the little obstructions in their Christian path, and the little physical pain-twinges they may occasionally feel. Does not the Lord in his dealings say often to such: "Have the temporal and spiritual blessings showered upon thee, dwarfed thy Christian faith and love and zeal? Behold, I will shower upon thee burdens of trial by which I will make thee a Christian, stalwart in every grace. I have tried thee by the presence of temporal good, and thou hast forgotten me; lo! I will test thee by the presence of great trouble, and thou shalt become strong in the faith and glorify me."



I DO not say a healthy, vigorous man cannot live and die in Jesus, but I know the afflicted ones are generally the most beloved of God, walk the nearest to the dear Saviour, and often rejoice the most in his dear presence and heavenly smiles.



AS the quaint old Dutch writer says: "And do we think we ought to have it better than our dear Lord? If so, we greatly mistake."



“**B**EHOLD we count them happy who endure.” The endurance in the faith, especially of God’s severely tried ones, cannot but tend to their good and his glory in the stirring up of the brethren in faith, in zeal, in works; in the illustrated evidence to the world that the religion of Christ is a blessed, soul-sustaining, soul-comforting reality. And such illustration of religious truth is fact, not theory; proof, not argument. The infidel said: “I can meet any argument in religious spheres, but I can never refute, as an argument for the truth of religion, the life of my Christian mother.”

The great reason why many do not sympathize with the afflicted, and see, as they say, no reason for dejection of soul or for trouble of spirit, or for discouragement, is because they either do not feel, or are of hardened heart; or else have never gone through the furnace of bodily suffering, or bereavement. Alas, alas! how often have we had these “Job’s comforters!”

When in the deep waters of affliction, in the loss of my beloved (I hope you have never felt sorrow akin to mine in this direction), how often was I reproved by those who never had experienced such grief. While I knew all was in ac-

cordance with the Master's will, yet I could not but groan and sigh and weep. Indeed, the great design of our Father is, I believe, as in my now case, to lead us through his afflictive providences, so that by being softened, mellowed, humbled, we may be brought lovingly near to him in the exercise of a deeper devotion and a stronger faith.



I REMEMBER once hearing Mr. Beecher speak about a member of his congregation who had been confined for years to her room. She was the very exemplification of Christian patience in all her trial. She said to Mr. Beecher: "I thought that I would have had much opportunity for doing good in a useful life for my Saviour, but here I am laid by as useless." "Oh, no!" he replied, "you are a most useful Christian, doing wondrous good; for, my dear child, your patience in your affliction is speaking powerfully for the truth of the religion of Jesus, and you are thereby doing wondrous good."

One of the best men I ever met has now been for nearly five years confined to his room. Oh, what a triumphant faith—what a glorious hope and blessed companionship with the dear Saviour

are his! I do indeed often envy him his rapturous joy in the dear Lord! I wish you could read some of the glorious letters he writes to me, as he sits bent almost together with bodily pain. They are marvels of spiritual mindedness—streams from the wells of salvation in his own soul; and of his wondrous soul-development in holy things no true conception can be formed. The growth in grace, the blessed hope, the strong faith, the soul-profitting companionship with his Lord, his deep heart-love for his Saviour—all are marvellous, as shown both in his life and in his writings.

*GROWTH IN GRACE THROUGH
AFFLICTION*

I OFTEN think, my brother, how widely different have been the Lord's dealings with us, thus far. I have had very severe sicknesses, and been apparently often near the other land; but the Lord mercifully delivered me, and restored me to health and strength again. I knew you, too, when in vigorous health, but now this blessing has left you. But we know not the designs of our dear Lord in his dealings with us until they develop in our own experience in this life, or are kept from

us for full revelation in the life to come. Often however, while *we* may not fully apprehend the design of our Father's dealing with us, that design becomes very manifest often to our Christian friends by the growth in grace, the increasing heavenly mindedness, holy love, sweet soul-peace and perfect resignation to the Master's will, on the part of the afflicted one. As we may notice great changes in those we see but seldom, while from the gradual operation in or upon themselves, they are hardly aware of the alteration, so is it in holy things. And thus in you, my brother, I see in your dear letters increasing Christian growth; increasing faith, increasing love, humility, resignation to the Father's will. Increasing nearness, too, and holy intimacy with the Saviour. I know the dear Master has his glory and thy eternal good in view. The way, I know, is rough, and the path thorny, and the days and nights follow each other with great bodily pain and unrest, and often with great mental anxiety, and with fear and distrust in thy poor self. Oh! how the physical and the spiritual react upon each other—yet the Lord will comfort his afflicted and give them songs in the night. Oh, my brother, what an honor to hold aloft with unfaltering soul,

from the decaying embers of a suffering body, the heavenly ensign of faith, love, humility, patience, for the glory of the Captain of thy salvation! To very few does the Master accord this heavenly honor; for very few would be equal to the task.



I WELL know what sickness and affliction are, for I have had much heavy illness in my life. I have several times been apparently near the golden gates. From one attack of rheumatism it took me ten years to recover—from a wound, three years; and I have had heavy afflictions also. Loved one after loved one has been removed, and I am almost alone; but the Lord has all through been my Strength and Comforter. I often used to think that I could direct my own way, and knew best myself—but I had to pay dearly for it. The Lord soon drove me out of myself to rest entirely in him, and it has been a great blessing for my soul. David says: “Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now will I keep thy righteous laws.” And I learn from your Christian letter that the dear Master has also led you to trust more and more fully in him by reason of your sore affliction. I can just imagine how you must

feel; and I can hear your often uttered prayers in the daytime, and in the long tedious sleepless hours of the night. Yes, and in the midst of all, the Saviour has cheered you by day, and given you happy songs in the night, and so there has come to your heart a heavenly rapture; and you have cried out: "I thank thee, my dear Redeemer, for thy presence; for thy joy, thy peace, thy help; for the sure hope of Heaven."



YOUR long apprenticeship in the Master's school of affliction has already prepared you for work in his vineyard here below. What words of warning to the impenitent, of encouragement to the tried, of comfort to the afflicted, of joy to the sorrowing, have you been permitted to pen! And these words are of double power to those addressed, because they come from one who has long tested practically the holy reality of those inspired truths he is permitted to utter.



DEAR BROTHER KINNE:

I AM much grieved to hear of Rev. Mr. Blackford's troubles. From frequent correspondence with him during a period of about six years,

I had learned to highly regard him as a Christian of the highest type, who ever had the glory of Christ in view in seeking to grow himself in the knowledge of his Redeemer, and in endeavoring to lead others to the same knowledge. From all I can gather of him his work was a steady, on-going, persevering effort in the direction of good. His heart was for Jesus, and he did what he could in obedience to his heart prompting. I now remember, from the tenor of letters written me long ago by him, that he often complained of fatigue. What weariness he often suffered while perhaps in the very performance of his full duties as pastor, we perhaps little know. Many there are who go on from day to day, in the regular performance of their secular or religious duties, who are sometimes more fit to be upon their beds and attended by a physician; yet no person save themselves knows their physical or mental condition. They do not want to burden others by a recital of their ills; nor to alarm those near to them.

And then, again, their continuance in labor may be a positive necessity; they have none to take their place; their own living and that of their family are dependent upon them, and their earnest desire is to accomplish the great-

est results in their calling, to the best of their ability.

While often perhaps so wearied and feeble and sick as to be really unfit for work, they uncomplainingly persevere. Their inanity may often be attributed by others to want of interest, to laziness. I have often known such instances. I now recall the case of a dear relative, a man of very strong common sense, of great learning and intellectuality; a man naturally of wonderful energy, of indomitable will. He preached the gospel for many years at Berne, near Albany, then came to Flatbush where I reside, and became principal of Erasmus Hall Academy. Often would he complain of weariness, and of pains from what he called a "hard lump" in his side. He was a man of highly nervous temperament, and his wife and friends would always pass over his ailments or his depressed spirits or his want of energy, with the expression, "Oh, you are only nervous!"—Only nervous! After a little, he was taken very ill. His brother, a physician of New York City, pronounced his trouble nothing but nervousness. His ailment however was of a peculiar character, and after a few weeks' sickness he died. A post-mortem examination was made,

and a huge cancer of dry gangrene was found upon his liver. Physicians said it must have been forming for many years, and that it was no wonder he was, with such a disease, at times dejected in soul, weary, inanimate, discouraged.

And so with our Brother Blackford; who knows in the face of how much mind weakness and weariness he must have prosecuted his good work? How often, doubtless, he spurred up his soul and body to the discharge of duty when he felt hardly able to go out, and yet complained not. As you state, so he often wrote me, that he felt a deep interest in the Black Lake Mission. His earnest letters to me at its starting enlisted my sympathy and interest, and I was permitted to somewhat aid him in his good work. How has the truth-seed of the Word he sowed in faith and love long days ago now come forth to holy fruitage!



DEAR BROTHER DALE:

AS I did not see you at your desk when from time to time I was at the Tract House, I made inquiry about you, and learned that you were not so well as usual, but thought your absence was only temporary, as heretofore. I feel

sad to learn from your letter, that your sickness has necessitated your retirement from your duties there; sad that I shall not again there greet your welcome smile, your kindly extended hand, and hear your words of encouragement and cheer.

I ever saw illustrated in you how God's child could be cheerful, kind, patient and happy in the very furnace of a bodily infirmity which in many could not but cause impatience of spirit, moroseness of soul, and discouragement to the point of disheartening.

We often, Peter-like, profess great strength of faith, great boldness, great readiness to endure trial, conflict, reverse, suffering; but when the test is made, we come to great spiritual grief. But when as in thy case long years of trial have proven to thy own heart's comfort, and to the spiritual strengthening of others in the faith of Christ, that thy faith and trust and holy, patient resignation to thy Father's will have been and now are "equal to thy day," what gratitude and what a thanksgiving of joy must cheer and fill thy heart!



TO MRS. T. Y. BLANKS.

DEAR CHRISTIAN SISTER:

A FEW days ago I received from Mr. E. A. Ethridge the announcement of the death of your beloved husband—of my dear Christian brother—of the honored father of the Sabbath School in your midst—of the Christian light of your community—of one of whom it may be truly said, he walked with God. You can hardly imagine the feelings of sorrow which were mine as I read of his departure; feelings of sorrow that a Christian brother whom I had learned to honor and love, because I knew his whole soul was alive to promote the glory of his Saviour in seeking to do good; one who did good because it was his heart-delight to do it; one who humbly walked with Christ because he loved Christ; one who ever was in a praying frame of soul because he loved prayer, knew the efficacy of prayer, and in answer to prayer had been privileged of the Master to do large work for him in leading souls to Christ—feelings of sorrow, I repeat, because I knew a fellow worker for our Lord had fallen; one upon whom I could ever truly depend to co-operate with me in our Christian partnership.

Not a book, a tract, a paper, a library, did I ever send but I felt, in his hands, it would be, and it was, turned to the most profitable account.

For many years we have corresponded. His letters were always a source of great comfort and encouragement to me. I keep them all carefully filed. I shall often read them for new encouragement and strength in holy work. In plain and simple language they breathe the Christian spirit of thy dear one; love for the Master, and earnest desire for the advancement of his] cause, stand forth prominently in every page. I ever felt that I could write to him with the greatest of freedom; could ever open my heart to him, knowing that I had an appreciative, sympathizing Christian brother, whose prayers ascended continually for me to the dear Lord. I felt that the prayers of such a dear friend in Christ were a boon to be more desired, and from which more real soul-comforting good and help would result than the possession and enjoyment of the highest blessings of earth. After what I have now written of him, you will not wonder that I felt, and will continue to feel, that I have sustained a great loss in the departure of my Christian brother.

But I also felt a Christian joy in my soul as I

read of his departure, because I knew that he had departed to be with Christ; heaven was richer by another holy guest.

While to thee, my Christian sister, come all the comforts which the religion of Christ can give in the assurance that thy beloved is in the glory-rest of the redeemed, yet this does not hinder thy heart from feeling sorrow, nor restrain thy eyes from tears.

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As often with thy dear one I joined in holy prayer as I closed my letters to him, so now, would I join with thee, imploring the blessing of the dear Lord upon thee:

O Lord, look in very much mercy upon thy servant, in this hour of her deep bereavement. Thou knowest the depth of her sorrow; thou canst assuage the grief, or give all strength to endure it. Cheer her heart with thy comforts, and help her in sweet soul-peace to say: "Thy will be done." Direct thy servant in caring for those near and dear to her. May they all be the children of the dear Saviour, and by a devoted life to thee, live in holy expectation and assurance of meeting with their beloved and thy beloved in the home above. Amen.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND:

NOT long ago, I received from your neighbor, and my very dear friend, Mr. Low, intelligence of your sore bereavement. I feel very deeply for you, for I know by experience what sore bereavement is. It was long before the sharpest edges of my grief at the loss of my dear ones left me. Although it is fourteen years since I lost one most beloved to me, my eyes as I write swell with tears at the remembrance of my child. Just before this my father was taken; a few years after my dear Christian mother. While the Lord has wonderfully sustained me in my bereavements, and the deep keen sorrow has, by the flight of time, been somewhat softened, yet the wound is in my heart, and will there remain till I take happy flight to meet them in the land where sorrow and parting are unknown. Oh, how fondly and how sensitively I cherish the hallowed memory of my departed dear ones!

When a beloved one is taken from us, a new era in our lives begins. A grief, a sorrow has come to our hearts, we knew not of before. Our thoughts are turned into channels in which they never before found themselves. A void is made in our lives, of which we might have thought,

but never till we experienced it, fully comprehended. A subject, a trial is brought to our mind and heart, over which for the first time, we are called to shed heart-broken tears. A cross is laid upon us to bear, the weight of which we never conceived till called to carry it. A duty to fill the departed one's place, we could not imagine, till called to bear and do it. We have taken into our memories and hearts the life and the love of our departed, to carry with us as long as we sojourn in this vale of tears. A loved one in Heaven is a treasure for us garnered there, and Heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer than ever before.

Nor does the Lord mean that we should forget our loved ones whom he has taken to himself, nor harden ourselves in seeking to be insensible to, and unfeeling about our loss. No, but he desires us to benefit by our afflictions, in remembering the holy lives of trust and love and faith of our beloved who die in Christ—to follow Christ as they followed him—to look daily to that home of life and light and eternal bliss to which they have gone; and to so live as to surely anticipate the hour when our eternal reunion with them in the rapture-land shall begin.

I AM glad the little book I sent to the afflicted parents has been the means of comforting their hearts. Tell them I deeply sympathize with them. I know how they feel, for I have myself gone through the same bitter trial. But are not our dear little ones far better in the song-home of heaven, in the rapture of the blest, in the eternal guardianship of Jesus than they ever could have been with us? Oh, yes! They have passed to the rest without the toil, to the victory without the conflict, to the song without the sorrow; to the pure joy of the glory-land without the long and soul-trying temptations and scourgings and wounds and stings of this dreary earth life. Glorious heaven! glorious songsters, those pure, white-robed little ones chanting forever the heavenly songs in the upper sanctuary. Blessed Christian parents they who are continually represented before the eternal throne by their beloved little ones. How should this thought fill their hearts with praise and thanksgiving, and lead them to more and more close communion with the dear Saviour, that so they may be the better prepared to go to their beloved, and be with them forever!



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TO JAMES F. LEMON:

GLORY to God for the eternal triumph of his beloved in Christ Jesus! Guiding-stars are they for the righteous, cheer-stars for the afflicted, peace-stars for the troubled, warning-stars for the heedless and erring. I believe, my afflicted brother, that the Master has chosen thee by thy sufferings as a celestial lamp to be hung in the halls of the glory-mansion, there to reflect his triumph in thee as a light for all eternity; and long after thou hast departed from earth, the memory of thy faith, of thy holy love, of thy patience will also shine before all who have witnessed thy Christian life, before all who have heard or read of thy waiting upon the Lord, will shine as a guide to the erring, as a help to the tried, as an encouragement to the afflicted. Oh, what a legacy to leave to the truth of religion, to the church of the living God, to the world! What legacy can equal such an one in value, in duration, in praise, in usefulness? I know that thy soul, and the soul of Brother Barnes, is fed continually with the hidden manna from the glory-throne, else how could'st thou have endured to the present? Thou art a verification of the truth of the holy Word: "I will never leave

thee nor forsake thee." "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."



DEAR BROTHER LEMON:

IT is now over two months since I wrote to you. I have not however forgotten you. Often do I think of you on your trying pilgrimage to the eternal city of light, of life, of joy, of peace, of rest. You are nearer now than ever to the golden gate, to the great white throne, to the glory-crown, to the welcome smiles of thy once crucified Lord; to the command of the Master—"Come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." How much more blessed is the suffering saint with this glorious hope and assurance in his soul, than they who may never feel a bodily pain or pang, and yet be devoid of such a hope!



TO THOMAS LEMON.

DEAR BROTHER THOMAS:

RECEIVED yours of February 4th, in which you inform me of the death of your beloved father. He has passed from the heavy cross of long deep affliction, to the crown of eternal rejoicing. And if any have ever won that glory-crown by patient endurance in affliction, by looking and longing and waiting for the blessed appearance of the dear Lord to come and take him to his home above, your dear one has won it. After sixteen years of bodily suffering, what a relief must it have been to him to leave the body, and to enter into sweet, painless, soul-rejoicing rest! No mind can imagine, no pen can describe the wonderful change. Through long years of suffering he was ripening for his mansion home. in glory.

I do not know that a day has passed since I first knew of him, and received the first precious Christian letter from him, that I have not thought of him, and endeavored to commend him to the dear Saviour, whom he so dearly loved. And now the light of his Christian life will for all time hang as a heavenly luminary over his home,

over his family, over the church he loved, over the grave in which he peacefully slumbers awaiting the resurrection morning. The Lord wanted to light a great candle in Sassafras, in Gloucester. He chose the sufferings of your father to light it by the exhibition of his faith in Christ, his patience in pain, his unwavering trust in the Master.

HOPE AND FRUITION

JESUS is not going to let his afflicted suffer here below and then in the end reject them. No, no! But one day, while in the midst of their bodily sufferings, they will hear a soul-rejoicing summons, a sweet voice which will thrill them with heaven's own music: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." It will be the voice of the loving Jesus, and then in a rapture of heavenly delight they will exclaim: "Welcome, welcome, blessed Saviour!" and they will say to their dear ones around them, "Let me go, for the heavenly day breaketh." And they will be gone—gone to be forever with the Lord.



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I KNOW you are ripening for glory. The process of ripening is painful, but it is God's way. If it were not his way it would have been otherwise—for we believe that nothing happens by chance. So with the Lord's methods of bringing his chosen to glory.



I KNOW, my brother, thou art on the way to thy glory-crown, for the spirit of the meek and lowly One is in thee. His companionship is the joy of thy heart, his blessing is the peace of thy soul, his sympathy is the comfort of thy spirit, his granted strength thy endurance in thy long and tedious affliction. The blessed result will be: His victory shall be thy victory; his glory thy glory. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."

Brother, my prayer for thee is: That the rich blessing of the merciful Father may ever rest upon thee; the sweet companionship of the loving Saviour may ever cheer thee; and the presence of the sanctifying Spirit may ever enlighten, comfort and sustain thee.

I know the dear Saviour will not disappoint

his trusting children. To one dear suffering saint I once went, and as I entered her room I said, "I come to talk to you about Jesus."

"Oh," said she, as her soul seemed to rejoice within her, "that is just what I want; just what I want."

Another sufferer said to me: "Jesus will help me. Yes, he must help me, for I have committed my all into his hand."

Still another dear child of Jesus, one of the greatest sufferers I ever saw, kept continually saying, "When will he come? When will he come? I know he is mine. My faith has not a doubt. My soul has not a fear." Often, often did I pray with that suffering saint. At length the Master came. As the happy spirit took flight from the distorted, pain-racked body, twice did she bow her head like the dear Saviour, when on Calvary he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. She died in Jesus.



REST, then, in faith and patient hope till the heavenly chariot calls at the door of thy poor clay body for thy blood-redeemed soul. Jesus himself shall receive thee, and taking thee

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up to the throne, he shall say to the Father: "Here is another who has come up out of great tribulation"; and the Father shall say, "Welcome, my child. Give him a mansion, a crown, a kingdom. Array him in heavenly robes." And then shall begin the eternal glory-song in union with the countless throng of the redeemed gathered from the foundation of the world. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."





THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS



WOULD we know of the ministry of angels, let us look to the Word for illustration. As I have already noticed in connection with the prayer of our Saviour after his temptations, "Angels came and ministered unto him." In his agony in the Garden there "appeared an angel unto him from Heaven, strengthening him." When Abraham was about to offer up Isaac, an angel of the Lord spake to him, bidding him restrain his hand; and appearing a second time to him foretold the blessings which would result to him and his posterity because of his faith. In Genesis 28:12 we have a remarkable visitation of the angels to Jacob in his dream. In Elijah's sorrow, when pursued by Jezebel, we have a most wonderful account of an angel's ministration to him, cheering, comforting, strengthening him for

duty. We read of the angel calming the fears of Zacharias; calming the fears of Mary, and announcing the birth of Jesus; the angel-comforters to the mourning women at the empty sepulcher of Jesus; the most wonderful deliverance of Peter from prison by an angel of the Lord; and angels the bearers of the spirit of Lazarus to glory.

Indeed, the dear Word abounds all through with blessed illustrations of the ministry of angels to the Lord's people. And assurances everywhere are given therein that they are the Lord's messengers sent for the help of his beloved. David says: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways"; and the inspired writer of Hebrews says: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"





COMMUNION

TO REV. T. Y. BLANKS, MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI:



OUR letters always give evidence to me that your heart is in the work of the Lord, and Christian communion is the delight of your soul; and thus is it ever with the Lord's children. I delight in corresponding with you, because you are, I think, my first correspondent in holy things, in connection with the first library and religious periodicals I ever sent out. Another of my earlier correspondents in this connection is Mr. David Low, Sioux City, Woodbury County, Iowa. He has from the first always sent me most cheering, stimulating, and soul-comforting letters. He is a very active Sunday School worker; has started many schools in the West, some of which are very prosperous. I have at different times sent him, I think, three libraries, and many copies of the Messenger and Child's Paper. I

have also some other cheering correspondents in the Sunday School work; they write to me quite often; and not infrequently their letters, as well as yours, arrive just when I need a word of cheer and comfort and encouragement. I am not always on the shining mount, I often have dark days, discouraging times, and heartaches; drawbacks, temptations and failures. It has been my prayer for years that at the mention of that Name my soul might ever respond with a rapture of heavenly joy. Often has this prayer been wonderfully answered. There is a joy I cannot explain; my soul melts into tenderness, my heart is filled with warm emotions of holy love, my eyes overflow with tears of rejoicing; and I walk, completely emptied of self, in the lowly vale of humility in blessed companionship with my risen, glorious, interceding Redeemer.

Yet as the dear disciples could not remain upon the mount with their transfigured Lord, but had to descend, so has it been with me; and often the want of that intimacy of communion, and that joy in the dear Lord, prove the dark days of my pilgrimage through this wilderness world.



TO REV. J. F. DUINKERKE:

WHAT light in darkness, what strength in weakness, what knowledge in the midst of our great ignorance, what peace in the midst of confusion, what encouragement from the depths of despondency have we received during the year just past, from the loving, sympathetic heart and the benignant hand of our never-forgetting heavenly Father! And so, while with the rapid flight of the days we deplore our want of activity and usefulness in those spheres which are to tell for time and eternity, yet, on the other hand, what counterbalancing joy have we at the remembrance of the blessings we have received in communion with our Saviour!

I thank the Master that my highest joy and holiest exaltation and sweetest peace are now in the lowly vale of deep soul-humility before my dear Lord. In this vale I find communion and sweet companionship with my Redeemer. *Nothing whatever* that earth can give can compare with blessings such as these.



REV. T. Y. BLANKS:

AND now for a word of comfort as we humbly, meekly, sit beside our Saviour, and listen to his words of love:

My little children, I could not but draw near to you in your communings with each other. Be not afraid, only believe; I, even I, am thy salvation. No weapon formed against thee shall prosper. I will be with thee in six troubles; and in seven will not forsake thee. "Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him." I will ever be at thy side; I will ever go before thee, holding up myself as a shield for thy defense against the powers of evil. Be kind, be humble, be patient; for what does the Lord thy God require of thee but to walk humbly before him all thy days upon the earth? The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy upon thee—and so I give my beloved rest. "Little children, love one another."

Ever yours in the Lord,

P. I. NEEFUS.



REV. J. F. DUINKERKE :

WOULD that I could find words to express to you and Brother Meyers my hearty thanks for your brotherly Christian call upon me, and your Christian prayer so fervently uttered for this poor unworthy man. The prayer came at just the time I much needed it. I felt that the dear Lord was present with us. If you and Brother Meyers have had such joy since that hour of holy communing together with our Lord as I have had, I well know how you feel, and what thanksgiving of praise and devotion have gone up to the blessed Saviour. Ah, does not the ecstatic soul-joy and soul-rapture of the child of God in the holy exercise of prayer prove that prayer is a glorious reality, a heaven-sent blessing? What an uplift from the transitory to the enduring! What a revelator of the things of Jesus to the penitent soul! What a heavenly panacea for every ill! What a strength for duty! What an inspiration for the service of our Lord! What a prevailing power for the securing of blessings upon self and upon others! What a guide to holy, pure, soul-elevating thought! What a slayer! What a Satan-dispeller! What a quickener in holy faith! What a pride humiliator!

Through this holy soul-exercise what companionship with his Saviour the Christian enjoys: yea, what sweet Emmaus-walks often does he have with his Lord! Well indeed it is said:

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air:
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.”

May our dear Lord spare us to meet face to face again around the mercy-seat.



TO MR. J. M. MEYER:

AS an illustration of the benefits of Christian communion one with the other, I need only allude to the blessed time when you and I and our dear brother, Rev. Duinkerke, a short time ago were the recipients of such rich blessings, as in my study we together talked of the things of the kingdom of our Jesus, and ere we parted bowed the knee in prayer to our kind heavenly Father. I shall never forget that occasion. The savor of the holy benefit we all received that day, I doubt not has followed us to this hour. It is such Christian intercourse that enlivens holy hope, strengthens holy faith, stimu-

lates Christian zeal, enlivens holy joy in the heart, and makes more and more real to the soul the blessed religion of our Lord Jesus. By such communion we find that we are not isolated in our Christian experience, but find that others have the peculiar trials, temptations, sorrows, afflictions, drawbacks, want of faith and love and zeal.

It is no wonder at all to me that those who seek to go on in the Christian life without often communing with the brethren, become gloomy, discouraged, faint, ready to give up, and in great perplexity concerning their spiritual condition. Spiritual growth is induced very greatly by the interchange of Christian thought with the brethren, by concert of prayer with and among believers in communion with the Saviour. Large blessings, we read, are promised to the little prayer-meeting of but two or three. "There am I," says the Master, "in the midst of them to bless them." Did we not all find this promise fulfilled in our little prayer-meeting? May the good Lord spare us all to meet again, and receive another benediction of mercies from his gracious hand.



TO MRS. RUSSELL:

THE interchange of Christian thought is almost always abundantly productive of growth in grace, of increase in holy faith, of renewed effort for an increase in personal holiness, and of more earnest zeal in the Lord's cause. Christian communion stimulates Christian souls in holy aspirations after increasing Christian growth. I always feel a holy jealousy toward those who are in advance of me in holy things. What a solace, too, is Christian communion for that despondency and discouragement which sometimes seizes upon our poor hearts and clouds our minds, when, like one of old, we are inclined to say, "All these things are against me." I well remember how, many years ago, my spirit was greatly tried and grieved in certain spiritual directions. I thought my case a very peculiar one, one which no other Christians ever knew of; so I went to one of the elders of the church, a godly man, in whom I had the greatest confidence, and laying my case before him, asked him if ever he had such temptations, such doubts, such fears.

"Oh, yes," said he, "and far worse than you. I have often thought and done like you in the midst of my trials and temptations and discour-

agements; gone to others to ask them if they ever had had similar experience, and I have always found that their experience closely tallied with my own."

Oh, what a comfort to my heart was that holy experience—the conversation with that godly man! My soul has ever since, for thirty years, felt the benefit of it. How was I strengthened, encouraged, animated with new hope, and led nearer to the dear Saviour. Blessed indeed is Christian communion!



TO MISS ANNIE MCNAIR:

THE soul-feast of happiness in communion with the dear Lord, which the poverty-stricken Lazarus enjoyed in his infirmity, was infinitely above the shadowy pleasures of the rich Dives. Not from without but from within, as from the expanding flower, comes the fragrant perfume of a joyous, contented life.

That perfume in the Christian soul which makes life so blessed in itself, so radiant, so useful, so lovely in the eyes of others, is the indwelling grace of the Holy Spirit—a life of faith hid with Christ in God.

I rejoice greatly that from such a holy fountain in thy soul come forth the streams of thy life-joy.



TO MRS. L. S. RUSSELL:

OH, that all might come to this holy fountain for the water of Life, might sit in its shade-groves of sweet soul-cheering retreat from the world's strife, the world's evil, and the world's sin; might drink spirit-refreshing draughts from the crystal springs of divine love all along the cast-up highway where the redeemed of the Lord shall walk to the Fatherland; might feast upon the heavenly manna of divine grace—eat the luscious fruits of holy love. And as the good Legh Richmond wrote on the memorial stone of Elisabeth Walbridge, the dairyman's daughter, "she tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here," so God's own beloved may come into that blessed companionship with the dear Redeemer in which they may have such heavenly experiences and foretastes as these!



TO MRS. JENNIE RAY.

DEAR CHRISTIAN SISTER :

YOU cannot imagine the deep anxiety my delay in answering your many precious Christian epistles has from time to time caused me. Nothing whatever but the want of opportunity, occasioned by necessary attention to business matters, has prevented my writing at length to you. I beseech of you, give yourself no worrying thought over a fancied impression that I have received or taken offense at anything you have written to me. Such, beloved in Christ, is not the spirit of the poor unworthy one who is now penning these lines to thee.

In the blessed fold of our loving Saviour, how sweet the communion, the companionship of his little children! Loving tender hearts, such as the grace of the dear Spirit ever works in the Lord's beloved, can little think ill of each other, or do a wrong to mar each other's joy. In the true spirit of Jesus, how well his own do know each other! How well they understand, as they *feel* through the Spirit's work in their souls, the holy love-cords which bind them to their Lord, and so bind them to each other! Dear spirit,

let no troubled thought in this direction for a moment check the peaceful flow, the holy heart-joy of thy communion with thy Lord; nor interpose the least barrier to our saint-communion in Christ.



TO REV. DAVID LOW:

I KNOW, my dear brother, thy labors, thy self-sacrifice in holy things for the Master are far greater than mine; far more useful and prosperous. Yet still, let us now, hand in hand, standing together upon the threshold of the newly opened door of 1888, lift up our eyes and hearts to Heaven and utter together this prayer of faith:

“Dear Lord, help us as we start upon our journey into the unseen, unknown future of the year we have just entered. Prepare us for all that is awaiting us in it. Be thou, blessed Saviour, our constant companion, that so our communion with thee may result in holy uplifting for our souls, heavenly cheer for our spirits, and at last a gracious acceptance with thee in thy kingdom. Blessed Spirit, enlighten our minds; grant us continually new revelations of holy things, that thus we may become more zealous,

more efficient and so more useful in thy service. Oh, help us to walk penitently, humbly, meekly, before thee, our Lord. Take thou possession of our hearts, let self sink into nothingness; let Christ be magnified. Let the world recede and Heaven advance. Dear Master, prepare us for all thy will, and so with thy aid we take our start for the journey before us. May we be cheered by thy presence to the end, for Jesus' sake. Amen."



TO REV. DAVID LOW:

IT gave me much pleasure to hear from you. You and your dear wife are often in our thoughts, in our conversation, in our prayers. I do not write flatteringly, but it is a source of much joy to me to think of you both in your kind visit to us. Our meeting, for me, was one of the bright little oases in life's desert, so many of which I have thus far on the wilderness journey been privileged to find in the love and companionship of the Saviour's dear children. How it helps bear burdens of trial, how it cheers a drooping spirit, how it strengthens holy faith, encourages holy hope, and revives and renews Christian energy, to come in contact with con-

genial Christian spirits, which are akin to and sympathetic with our own. When we meet with those who have the same views with us in Christian living, working and carefulness of Christian example, in reverence for the Master's glory; a tender heart-love inwrought by the dear Spirit, which is ever ready to manifest itself in the loving act and the falling tear — how does such Christian companionship help us!



TO JAMES F. LEMON:

AND now ere we leave communing with each other, let us pray:

“Oh, blessed Saviour, come in especial mercy to this thy afflicted child; ease, if thou wilt, the sufferings of his body; but above all, strengthen the faith, increase the joy, and intensify the holy hope of his soul. Grant him soul-comforting, holy communion with thyself; and so, giving him the assurance of heavenly joy, while yet he tarries in the body, grant him the foretastes of that joy. Holy Spirit, reveal more and more of Jesus to him as his ransom from the power of sin, and as the seal of his passport to Heaven. O heavenly Light, so shine upon his soul, that

in the rapturous anticipation of the glorious morn, his happy spirit shall become insensible to the pains and sufferings of his wasting body. Refresh and encourage him continually with thy presence, blessed Saviour; and when the end shall come, take him to dwell with thee forever in thy heavenly eternal rest. Amen."



I PRAY that your soul may continually be upon the mount of holy communion with your dear Lord; that you may have a river of holy joy flowing through your heart by day, and songs of delight in the night. All this the Master is abundantly able to give you. And as you lean upon him, *lean hard*.



AND now as we linger together in heavenly places in Christ our Lord, we will pray:

"Lord, remember thy afflicted servant in much mercy. If it is thy will, restore him to health again; or if his sickness is to continue, give him thy grace to enable him to endure. Take not thy Holy Spirit from him; but may he be enabled ever through his presence and power to say and feel: 'Jesus, whom have I in heaven but

thee, and there is *none upon earth* that I desire beside thee.' Master, take care of all his loved ones, spare them unto him, and bring us all at last to thy glorious heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen."



I CLOSE this long letter with a little prayer for thee and thy faithful wife:

"Dear Saviour, regard in great mercy thy afflicted servant; send him health again if thou wilt; if not, strengthen him to endure, and help him to glorify thee in his affliction; strengthen his faith, encourage his hope, cheer his spirit. Help him to say, 'Thy will be done.' May the leaning of his soul on thee be so sweet and comforting that it shall at times give him blessed relief from bodily suffering. Grant unto him many sweet foretastes of the glory to which in thine own way thou art leading him. May his path be always bright before him, and may he ever see the Canaan-home beyond. May the partner of his life be spared long to him, and together may they be journeying towards the eternal rest, the family-home above. Amen."



TO REV. T. Y. BLANKS:

AND now, let us take our seats beside the dear Saviour and hold a little season of sweet communion with him:

“We love thy holy presence, dear Redeemer.”

“Yes, and I love to be one of thy company.”

“Blessed One, we have come to ask a favor at thy hand.”

“Yes, ask what thou wilt and I will give it thee—I delight to comfort and bless my children.”

“We want a deeper, more abiding sense of pardoned sin.”

“Yes, that will come in all its fulness and power as thou dost penitently rest more and more fully upon my atoning sacrifice for sin.”

“We need more holy light upon our way.”

“Trust me—I will be thy Light and thy Salvation.”

“We confess with shame, dear Lord, that oft we fear lions in our way.”

“Be not afraid, I will be thy Shield, thy Defense; no evil shall set upon thee to hurt thee.”

“We have often mourned thy absence, blessed Lord; and now from this time on till life’s closing hour wilt thou abide with us?”

“I never did withdraw from thee; thy want of faith, of trust, of love, were all the cause of thy withdrawal from me; it wounded my heart—but I forgive all. Return unto me and I will return unto thee. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. I will come in and sup with thee. No love is so tender and enduring as mine. Behold these feet, these hands, this side, see the scars upon my back—upon my brow; once in agony of soul on Calvary’s cross I cried, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ These scars, this agonizing cry, my life’s blood, are the price of thy eternal redemption. The Holy Spirit beareth witness with thy spirit that thou art mine; and my prayer for thee is, ‘Father keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me.’ ”

“We thank thee, blessed Lord, for thy company, so cheering, so comforting, so heavenly. Forgive our offenses against thee.”

“I freely all forgive.”

“Help us in our weakness.”

“In me is thy strength.”

“Though our poor hearts may often be chilled, continue still to love us.”

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”

“No man is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand.”

“Dear Redeemer, we humbly thank thee for this sweet communion season with thee. Unworthy, unworthy we are, all our worth is in thee. Oh, continue to us this heavenly, feeling sense of thy love and presence. May our lips speak forth thy praise. May our lives show forth thy love.”

“I will help thee—thy least earnest effort for me will I reward, even here below, with a rich heavenly blessing; and for thy final reward, ‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that my Father hath prepared for them that love him.’ ”

“Dear Lord, on this blest mount wilt thou abide with us—and help us to abide with thee. From this time on, oh let us grasp thy loving hand, and journey onward to our heavenly home!”

Thus, my dear brother, does our Lord permit us to sit in heavenly places. May this be our comfort, our strength, our joy, to the end.

In this companionship with the Saviour I wish you a Happy New Year.



POSTWORD



THE following is an extract from the Year Book of the Reformed Church of America for 1910:

Mr. Peter Neefus, late of Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York, was for nearly nine years a member of the Board of Education of the Reformed Church of America. In the year 1900, by the gift of \$17,000, he established the John and Mary Martin Educational Fund, for the benefit of students preparing for the ministry of the Reformed Church in Rutgers College and in New Brunswick Theological Seminary. As a living donor, he participated in the selection of students admitted to the benefit of this fund, and was particularly interested in all the work of the Board of Education.

Peter I. Neefus was born March 30, 1832. His father, John Neefus, was a descendant of Joannes Nevius who emigrated from Holland to

New Amsterdam about 1650. His mother was Mary Martin Allges, a Dutch descendant of the Rev. Vincentius Antonides, who was sent by the Classis of Amsterdam to preach to the Dutch settlements on Long Island, in 1704. He always lived in the colonial residence built by his father in 1820, on the site of the old homestead which was built in 1700, on property owned by his ancestors for more than two hundred years. His father, John Neefus, was in the War of 1812 in camp on Fort Green under Gen. Jeremiah Johnson. Mr. Peter Neefus graduated from Columbia College in 1854; married Mary Van Kleck in 1858, daughter of Rev. R. D. Van Kleck, principal of Erasmus Hall Academy.

Their only child, a daughter, died at the age of fourteen.

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IN the Memorial prepared by the Board of Education of the Reformed Church of America occurs the following:

“No one could associate with Mr. Neefus for any length of time without being impressed with the beauty of his Christian character, or recognizing in his bearing, his conduct, and his speech

the undoubted characteristics of a man of God. His daily life, if we could accurately portray it, would be his most eloquent eulogy, revealing as it did 'a man after God's own heart,' quiet, modest, unassuming and devout, a humble disciple and follower of Jesus Christ.

"The influence for good of such a life is immeasurable. It makes the world better. It furnishes a practical illustration that life is worth living. It augments the glory of Heaven."

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The Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society, in a letter of condolence to Mrs. Neefus, says:

We have heard with profound regret of the death of Mr. Peter Neefus, for many years a director, and at the time of his death, a member of the Advisory Board of this society.

Realizing the power and influence of Mr. Neefus's life, we desire to place on record our appreciation of it. He might be spoken of as a Christian gentleman of the old school; one whose uprightness made him an example for the rising generation, whose piety found practical expression in works of love and mercy, and whose generosity led to contributions to and coopera-

tion with many organizations having for their purpose the spread of the gospel and the evangelizing of the world. His counsel and cooperation will be sadly missed by many such organizations, as well as by many individuals whose lives have been cheered and burdens lightened by his kindly Christian sympathy and generous financial aid.



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